The Sketch

No. 2540—Vol. CXCVI. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

OUR PRINCESSES IN PANTO.

The first Royal Pantomime on record in this country was given somewhere in England last month, with T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *Heir-Presumptive to the Throne, and her sister,* PRINCESS MARGARET, *as Principal Boy and Girl. The panto. was "Cinderella," presented by the Princesses themselves in aid of the Royal Household Wool Fund. This photograph shows Princess Elizabeth as Prince Florizel and Princess Margaret as Cinderella. Further pictures appear on other pages.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

All Over the Shop. "Sir" (I seem to hear the Doctor booming) "I was ever of opinion that the terrestrial globe is unfit for human habitation." "Then why, Sir," squeaks Boswell, "has it pleased Providence to people it with human beings?" "Because, Sir, human beings are fools, and it is eminently consonant with the wisdom of Providence to treat them as such." This hard saying, to which insufficient attention has been paid by Johnsonians, is another example of the Great Lexicographer's "robust common sense." Look at the sort of places and climates in which these incorrigible lunatics are choosing to cut each other's throats! In one theatre of war they are being frozen into human icicles; in another, they are sweating in the steam of miasmic jungles; in another, they are fighting their way, choked and blinded, through alternating deluges and sandstorms. That men can perform these feats is remarkable enough, but that machines can be trained or coaxed to do them is even more astonishing. Once upon a time war had its own sensible and gentlemanly conventions; you had your campaigns when weather permitted and then you quietly hibernated. Now, a soldier is expected to be anything from a Polar bear to a salamander. Such is the march of science. Give me the Middle Ages, when the only form of tank (extremely economical in fuel) was the man in armour!

"... scarce, Madam, scarce. S for sugar, C for chocolate, A for almonds, R for raisins, C for cigarettes, E for eggs. . . ."

DRAWN BY CHURCHILL.

All Contrairy. However, there seems to be very little which the human species can't do if put to it. In the last war, men endured conditions in the trenches which would have been considered utterly impossible in anticipation. (Is it too much to say that if men could live through Passchendaele, they can live through almost anything?) And in this war, what strikes one most all the time is that people never seem to react in the way which is expected of them. Who could have predicted that they would live in shelters, not only with tolerance, but almost with enjoyment, as they have done? That the extraordinary shuffling of the population all over the country could have worked as well as it has? That cities "blitzed" to the limit of frightfulness could continue not merely to exist, but to carry on virtually unaltered in essentials? That amid all the smashing and crashing there should be, comparatively, so little of the shell-shock which was a serious problem in the last war? Incorrigibly contrairy is man. In all these things, we have got to think again about the effects of modern war; and we can but dimly guess about the *ultimate* effects—including, perhaps, the nervous effects.

Terrible Infants. As for the children, any parent knows that his "child-psychology" is nearly always wrong and that children seldom think or act as you expect them to do. That is how they seem to have been behaving, up to the present, in this war. Most of us, I think, dreaded more than any other horror of war the effect of bombardment and privation on children. It has, only too often, been terrible enough; but, according to an official report recently published, it has been nothing like as terrible as might have been expected. Thousands of these unnatural infants, far from being intimidated by bombs, seem to have been thrilled and delighted by them! In my club, at the height of the "blitz," two page-boys had to be restrained from competing in realistic imitations of whistling bombs, and from thus spreading alarm and despondency among the members. They were much surprised, and not a little hurt, when they were taken to task for this innocent sport. An article which I have been reading suggests an ingenious connection between this bomb game and the juvenile delinquency of which we hear so much. "Blitz" kids come to rural areas and, enlarging on their adventures, immediately become envied heroes. The local youths, not to be outdone, achieve heroism by burglaries and other adventurous exploits. Far-fetched? From what I know of the Tom Sawyer spirit of boys, it seems to me highly plausible; for it is quite certain that a great deal of this juvenile "crime" is much more adventure than depravity.

Picking and Stealing. I don't know, however, whether the same explanation will cover the really alarming outbreak of dishonesty among adults, to which any police court will bear witness. How honest *is* the average man and woman? One would have been tempted to say that in this country the standard is fairly high; yet we all know that every library loses a considerable number of books and that even in respectable clubs people steal absurd things like soap and pens and nail-brushes. Apparently some otherwise virtuous people regard these unconsidered trifles as outside the moral law (everybody does so in the notorious case of umbrellas); and it would seem, also, that quite a lot of "respectable" people, especially women, regard an unprotected article in a shop as fair game. They are surprised and indignant when the hand of the law descends upon them and they find themselves being treated as common *thieves*. They probably would not dream of dipping into a till; but a tempting article exposed on a counter—that is quite a different matter. And so the merry game of shoplifting goes on. Few people who have not actually come in contact with it have any idea of its proportions, but at the present time it represents millions of pounds' worth of stolen property. Another of the demoralising effects of war? I do not know; but I do know that all who are concerned with the administration of justice are at their wits' end how to deal with these amoral pilferers.

"Fortunately they'll be calling them both up in ten years' time."

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Big Shots. These are only the small fry; the racketeer is operating on the grand scale and making a very good war of it. He has his warehouses and depôts and fleets of lorries and is rapidly introducing the picturesque methods of his American prototypes. If you doubt this, ask Scotland Yard; for the Yard is on the track, and when one day it succeeds in its extremely difficult task, it will stage a prosecution which will make Edgar Wallace seem like a parish magazine. The systematic pillage of goods in transit is now on a scale worthy of the best and brightest of the Big Shots. In a recent case, concerning, not hundreds, but thousands, of carcases of meat, a local official of a Ministry was involved. This is certain to happen. We pride ourselves, justly, on our incorruptible Civil Service; but if you swell the bureaucracy indefinitely with all sorts of temporary Jacks-in-office, untrained in the tradition, nothing is more certain than that you will get corruption and plenty of it.

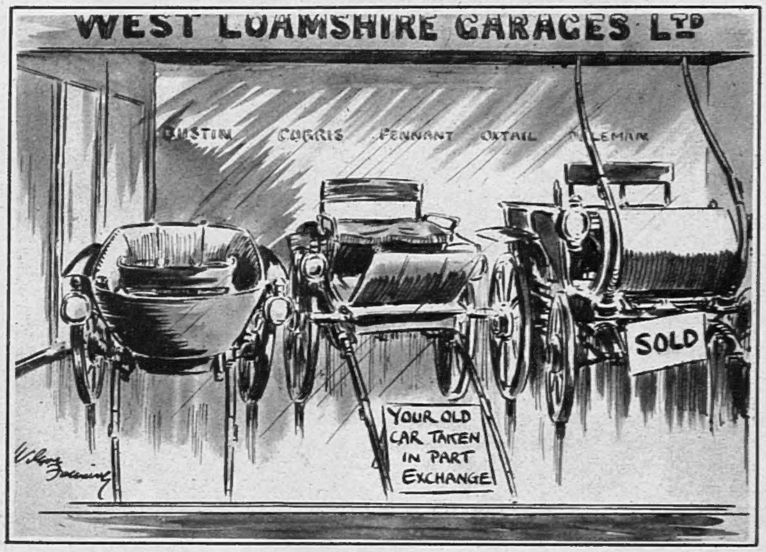
A Present for a Good Boy. The privileges of a war Prime Minister's office are in inverse ratio to his responsibilities, but it is gratifying to observe that Santa Claus, who has been somewhat *piano* on this

side of the Atlantic, has been active in Washington and has considered Mr. Churchill entitled to a few little compensations. Here are a few of the trifles with which he has stuffed the Prime Minister's stocking: two bottles of Napoleon brandy, a dozen bottles of skin lotion (Ah! What a falling off!), 5000 cigars, a field cap worn by Bismarck (so that the recipient should not lack variety of headwear), a pair of spectacles, eggs, oranges, mince-pies, a dozen corncob pipes, a copy of George Washington's will, chocolates, soap-dishes, a box of onions, gloves, socks, ties, scarves, tracts, a bath-towel emblazoned with the Union Jack, food for the cat, and two hundredweight of greetings and letters. A special convoy is bringing home these tokens of esteem and regard. It must be a strange sensation for a seasoned politician to receive such spontaneous tributes from the public! Prophets notoriously receive very few cigars and bottles of brandy in their own countries, though they sometimes get a few eggs and onions. It was understood that Mr. Churchill, on his return, would be accorded a more than usually eager welcome by his colleagues and friends—in fact, the police planned well ahead how they were going to control the queue.

Our Daily Bread. These exotic luxuries are all very well, but bread remains the staff of life, and it has been the storm-centre of much controversy lately. We are a strange people, and our passion for white bread is rich in paradox, if not in nourishment. Apparently what we do, in order to satisfy this morbid craving, is to take all the "goodness" out of the wheat, and then put it back again in the form of chemicals. If anybody had done this in Erewhon, he would have been instantly committed for life to the Bughouse. The reason? Because the Great British Public is convinced that no bread is fit for human consumption unless it is white as the driven snow. The Great American Public goes even farther. It is impossible, throughout the length and breadth of the American Continent, to get a slice of honest, wheaten bread. You can get all sorts of fancy, featherweight doodads, "refined" out of all semblance of nutriment—but *bread*, no! It isn't fit for highly civilised men. Odd, queer and singular—we cast our bread upon the waters and it returns to us after many days full of synthetic vitamins. Another triumph of science! For mine own poor part, I have a coarse and vulgar taste. I find the wheatmeal, or the stone-ground, loaf infinitely superior to the anæmic, emasculated variety, and I only wish I could get more of it. Why, in these days of universal regulation, the Government does not compel us (as it does in the Army) to eat bread which *is* bread is a profound mystery to my dim intelligence.

The Smoke of Battle. Man, however, cannot live by bread alone — he must also have tobacco. More than once I have commented on the enormous importance of this anodyne as one of the sinews of war. I rejoice to see that a wise Government, despite all competing claims, has managed to maintain a remarkable rate of importation. From the most sordid point of view, it is worth its while to do so. Last year 240,000,000 pounds of tobacco were smoked in this country and £260,000,000 sterling were spent upon it. Of this, no less than £210,000,000 went to the Treasury. That represents a nice little lot of aeroplanes, tanks and ships. Out of every pound you spend on undermining your constitution with nicotine, more than 16s. goes to the war effort. Smoking, therefore, is obviously a patriotic duty, and every puff you take is another nail in Hitler's coffin. (At this point, I had better light another cigarette.) Now, if all this shipping-space can be found for tobacco, could not a little be found also for wine? At the present time not one single drop of wine is being imported. I know it is difficult to urge the claims of wine against prosaic groceries, but wine is also one of the sinews of war and an even more lavish contributor to the revenue than tobacco. Let us keep our powder dry but our whistles wet!

Food for Thought. And let us also not neglect the things of the imagination. There is no satisfying the voracious official appetite for paper, and we are all doing our best to meet the demand—and are probably all the better for discarding our accumulations of paper-junk. But of all the vast quantities of paper imported and collected, only 1½ per cent. goes to the making of books. I find myself unmoved by the plaintive cry of Mr. H. G. Wells for more paper for pamphlets for the Better World. Speaking as one who has, in unguarded moments, been guilty of pamphlets, I think that there are already too many of them and I doubt whether a better world is going to be built on them. Indeed, I am astonished at the luxuriant variety of cranky pamphlets—not to mention catalogues and prospectuses—which I constantly receive, and I should have thought that this was one of the first fields in which economy might be, with profit,



THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

enforced. No, I can do without more pamphlets, but I should like to see more books. There are some literary effects of the paper shortage which I do not altogether deplore. An 8s. 6d. book looks very short measure for the money nowadays, but there is a good deal to be said for the thin book which fits into a pocket. Perhaps, too, it is not wholly a misfortune that there is no paper for what may be called the offal of literature. But there could be no greater mistake than to suppose that the printed word is of secondary importance in wartime, and it is to be wished that some at least of the stocks which go to official *paperasserie* could be diverted to more entertaining forms of composition.

Manners Makyth Man. The House of Lords is well known for its tradition of politeness. Since when has it been "Parliamentary" for a noble lord to apply witty and original epithets like "nincompoop" to a serving soldier, of high record and reputation, who is completely unable to defend himself? Among the mere Commons, such behaviour would not pass without rebuke; is there no such thing as a point of order in the Upper Chamber? Privilege carries with it responsibilities.

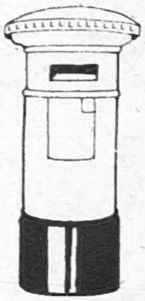
Man Bites Dog. At last it has happened! For many years journalists have waited eagerly for the supreme news item — Man Bites Dog. Los Angeles supplies it. Mrs. Koshelnik, romping with her friend, Mrs. Wolf's, dog, playfully bit him on the nose; and, believe it or not, "the cur turned on me and bit my lip"! Savage little brute! It cost Mrs. Wolf £3. The dog did not counter-claim. One woman, one bite — and £3 for luck!

"What number bus takes me to the Black Market?"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—There was a time when I preferred Summer to Winter. Feeling the cold as I do, the approach of January, February and March used to fill me with dread ; and soon after Christmas, when the East winds began to blow, I would get what Charles calls my " sick monkey look," and, wrapped in misery and shawls, remain, like the hibernating toad, in a state of suspended animation until the first really warm Spring day recalled me to life.

But all that is changed now. Since I took to gardening, Winter has become my favourite season. You may well ask why, Robert, and the answer is easy to give. It is because in Winter there are no Weeds. Even my enemy the Bindweed withers off at the top into thin, dead strings, and, though it is still lurking underground in all its coiling horror, a little concentrated wishful thinking easily persuades me that it is gone for ever. This excites in me a frenzy of enthusiastic tidying, and the edges of the grass are cut, the gravel paths raked, and, if a dead leaf dares to lie for one instant upon the lawn, it is whisked away and plunged into a large pit dug for the purpose, where it lies rotting with its fellows, and is transformed in course of time, we hope, into rich leaf mould.

" The Gardener, with a pitying smile, stood and watched me."

" I raised the axe above my head with both hands."

When I persuaded Charles, who hates the garden and looks at it as seldom as possible, to inspect what I had done, he said it was so neat it reminded him of an operating theatre. Charles has often been heard to remark that it would save his money and my time if the whole thing were laid down in concrete.

" What would we do with such a great expanse of concrete ? " I said to him on one occasion, when he had made this shattering assertion.

But Charles always has an answer. " We would invite our friends to roller-skate on it," he said.

With no weeds rearing their ugly heads, and the Autumn leaves safely tucked away in their pit, I am hard put to it to find employment in the garden just now. To rest from my labours I do not dare, for muscles must be kept strong and lumbar regions supple against the Spring Offensive. Just lately I have been making a brick path. This is fascinating work up to a point, the point being where a whole brick has to be made into a half-brick. When proper bricklayers do this it looks easy. They just take the little trowel-thing that they spread mortar with, and give the brick a tap, and it falls neatly into two pieces. I tried tapping my brick with an ordinary gardening trowel, and nothing happened at all. Then our Gardener came along. Our Gardener and I, like King James of the great Sir Walter, think but Rawley of each other, and never ask each other's advice if we can possibly avoid it. The Gardener, with a pitying smile, stood and watched me stagger with bricks from one end of the terrace to the other. Watching me garden is one of our Gardener's favourite pastimes. He never seems to tire of it, and spends hours out of the two days he is supposed to work for us, engaged in this happy pursuit.

" Layin' bricks ? " he said kindly, after about ten minutes.

" Yes."

" Yu knows as how yu mustn't never lay one whole brick 'long side 'nother whole brick, don't ee ? "

" Of course."

" Do ee know the way to split bricks ? "

" Er—yes, I think so."

" I 'll show ee ! " cried the Gardener, delighted at my hesitation ; and, dropping the hoe which he carries about with him as a sort of badge of office, he seized my brick, gave it a sharp tap with the trowel, and it fell in half.

" That 's how 'tis done," he said conceitedly.

I was very much annoyed by this sudden display of efficiency, and as soon as he had gone, I took the trowel and gave my brick a tremendous whack with it. Nothing happened, so I turned it over and tried the other side. Again nothing happened, except that a small piece chipped off and flew into my eye. By this time my blood was up, and I went and got the axe out of the tool-shed. Laying the brick down, I raised the axe above my head with both hands, and delivered a stunning blow, which might have been effective if it had not missed its mark and buried itself deeply in the ground.

" What *are* you doing, Henrietta ? " said Lady B., who often walks into our garden in the afternoons to give me a word of cheer.

" Breaking bricks in half," I said breathlessly.

" But, my dear, that 's quite the wrong way to do it," said Lady B. " All you have to do is just to tap it with a trowel, like this."

" Exactly," I said, after she had made several abortive attempts, and I returned to my brick with redoubled fury. I whacked and banged and scored several direct hits, as well as some near misses, while Lady B. uttered little cries of encouragement, but apart from the fact that we both got little chips in our eyes, and the brick soon ceased to look like a brick, nothing happened. Then the axe broke, and we went indoors and had tea.

Next day I got a professional bricklayer to come and finish the job for me. It took him about ten minutes.

When the Gardener came again, he inspected the new path. I could see he was disgusted to find the job so neatly done. " Woman's work," he said scornfully, trying to raise a brick with the toe of his boot.

" Looks nice, doesn't it ? " I said smugly.

" Where be axe gone to ? " said the Gardener suspiciously.

" Gone to be sharpened," I said.

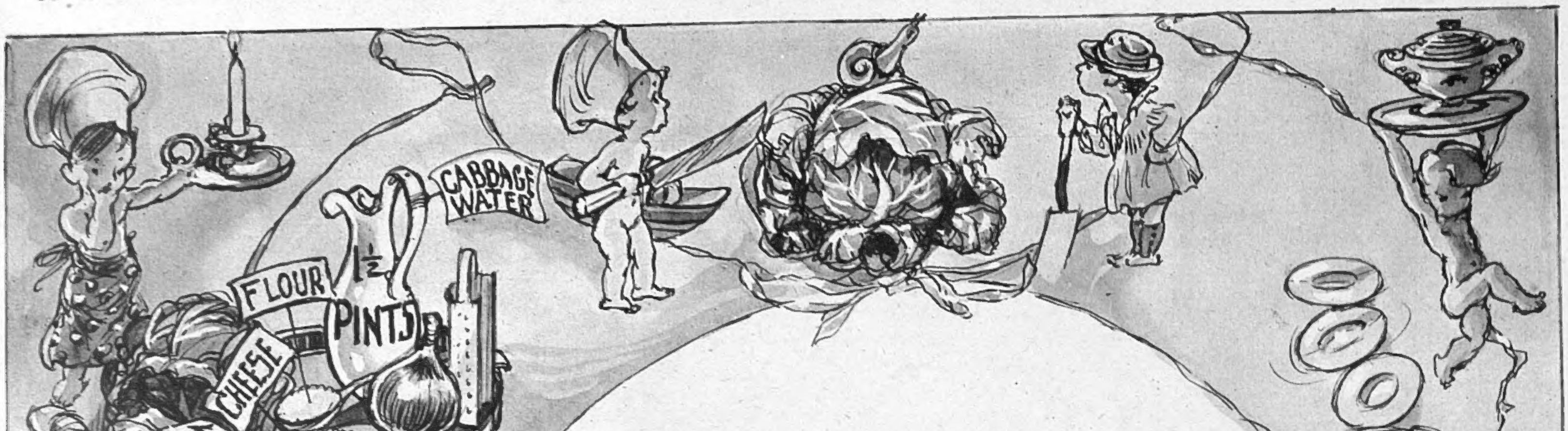
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

" 'All you have to do is just to tap it with a trowel.' "

"MY DEAR, COUPONS OR NO COUPONS, I JUST *HAD* TO SUPPORT RUSSIA!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

SOUPE AUX CHOUX.

1 small cabbage. 1 dessertspoon flour. 1½ pints cabbage water.
½ oz. margarine. 1 onion (grated). 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Shred finely a small cabbage, cover with water and leave to boil for half an hour. Mix ½ oz. of margarine with one dessertspoonful of flour and add one and a-half pints of the cabbage water. Bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Add one grated onion and tablespoonful of grated cheese. Salt to taste and serve without reboiling.

MORUE À LA MODE D'ICELANDE.

1 lb. cod.
1 oz. margarine.
2 dessertspoons flour.
2½ teacups Oxo.
½ lb. spaghetti, macaroni, or noodles,
grated cheese.

Put 1 lb. of Icelandic Cod (the smoked kind is by far the best) into boiling water. Change the water after five minutes to fresh boiling water and leave for a further ten minutes. Remove the fish, cut it into small pieces, taking care there are no stray bones, and put the pieces into a frying-pan. Make a sauce of 1 oz. of margarine mixed with two dessertspoonfuls of flour and two and a-half teacups of Oxo. Pour it over the cod and allow to simmer gently. Meanwhile put ½ lb. of spaghetti, macaroni or noodles, into boiling salted water and leave for ten minutes; strain off, cut into short lengths and add to the fish. Place the mixture in a dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under the grill.

Note: Two eggs. *If you ever have two eggs to spare, add the yolks and then the whites stiffly beaten and leave in a moderate oven from twenty to twenty-five minutes—the result should be an excellent soufflé.*

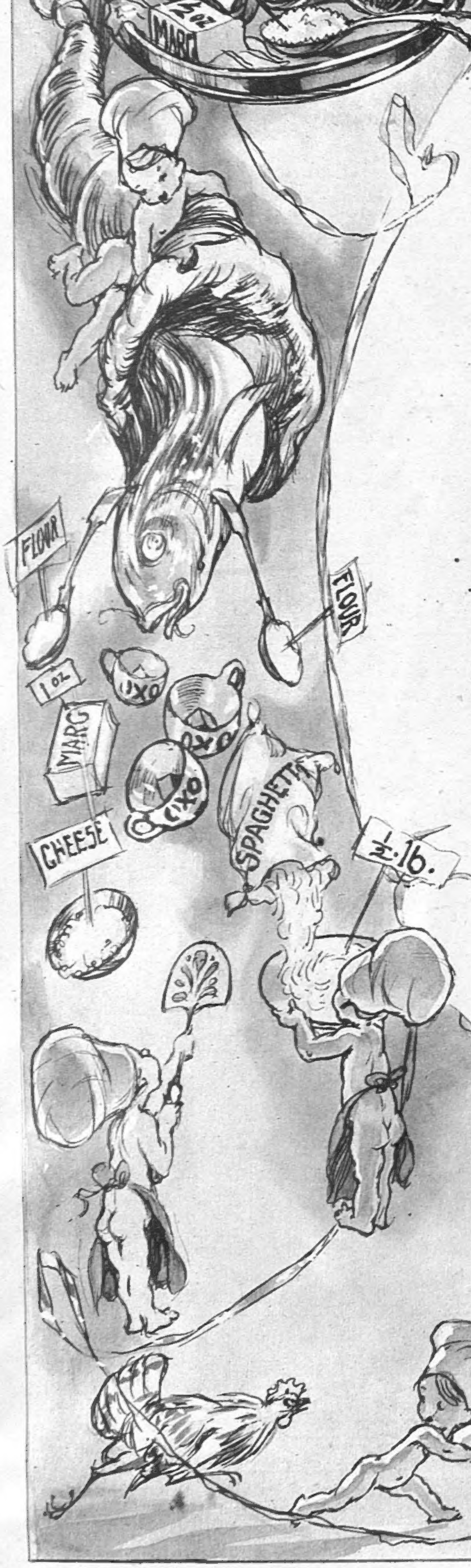
FROMAGE PANÉ.

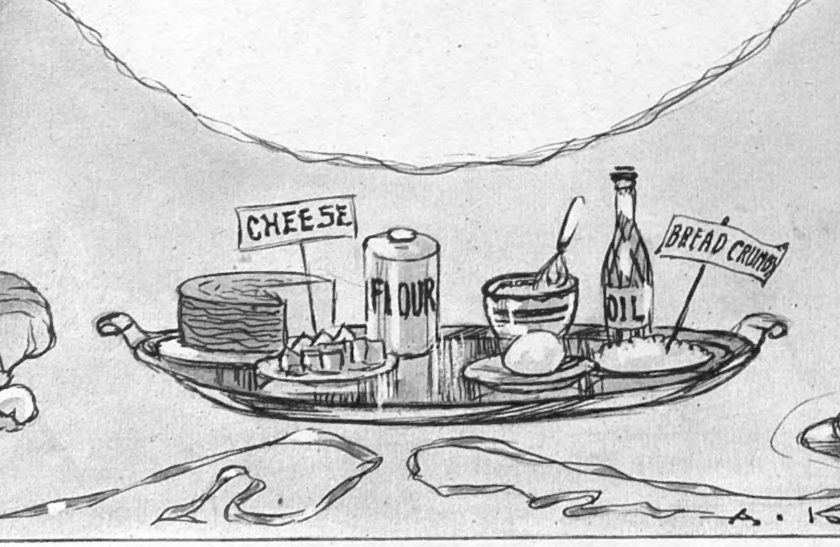
Small rectangles of cheese.
Flour.
Beaten-up egg (or oil).
Breadcrumbs.

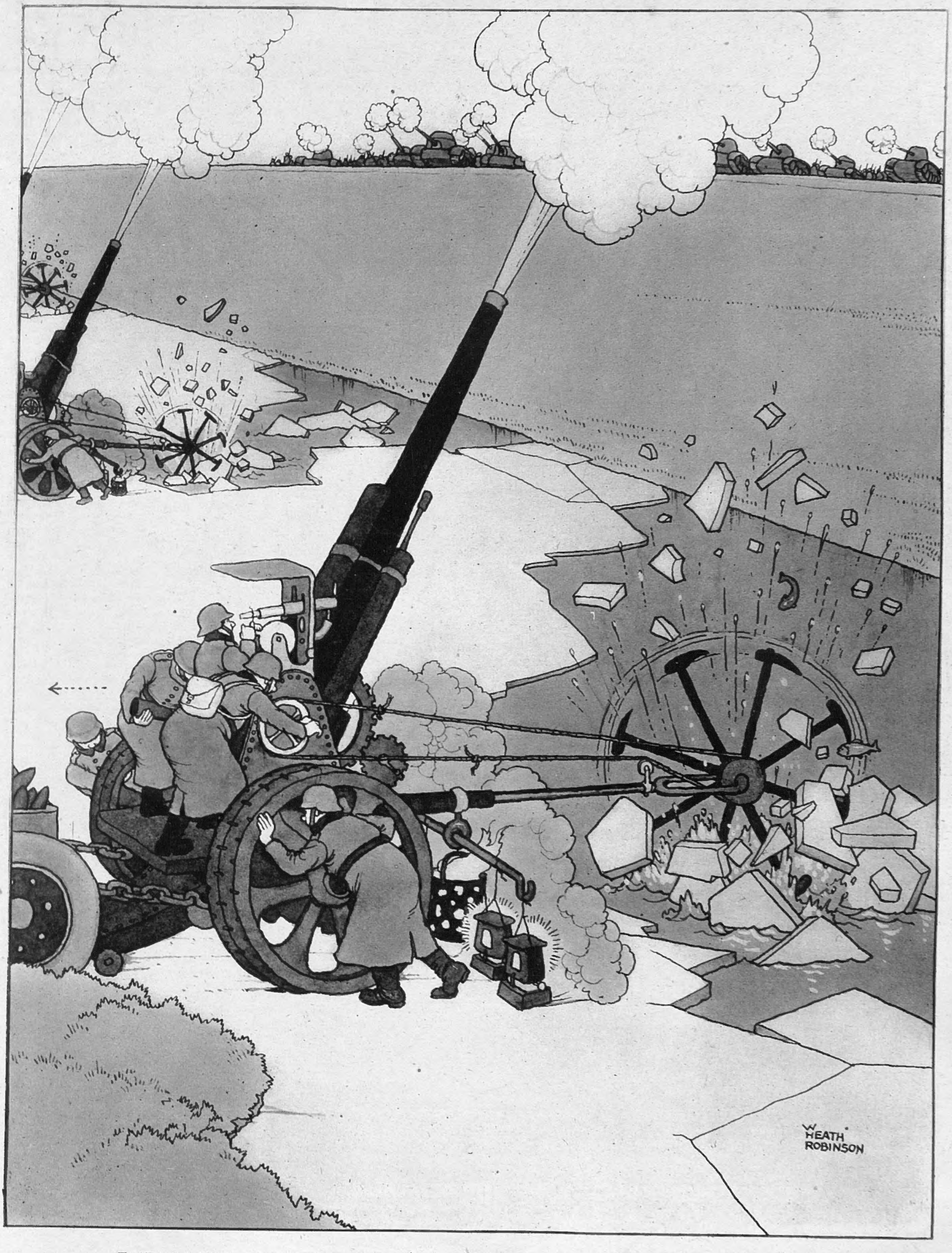
Cut small rectangles of cheese about ½ inch thick; roll them in flour, dip them into a beaten-up egg (or into the white only, but not beaten), and finally into breadcrumbs. Fry them in boiling fat, roughly five minutes to each side, and serve immediately.

Note: If you don't wish to waste an egg, oil will do, but the breadcrumbs don't adhere to the cheese in the same way and therefore the result is rather untidy.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.







ENEMY ICE MORTARS FOR PREVENTING PURSUIT WHEN CROSSING FROZEN RIVERS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

R.A.F., Scotland.

My Dear Hank,

So you 've been moving around way back home, have you ? Seems like we 've both been doing the same thing. I couldn't give you any gen on this before as it was all kinda "hush-hush." We were told one morning by the Squadron Leader we had been given a special job to do which would entail our moving up to Scotland. Speaking personally, that suited me mighty fine. I want to see as much of these little isles as I can before Jerry packs in his cards.

We shoved as much personal and flying kit as we could into our brolly-bags and hold-alls. Some of the boys went up by 'plane, but I and my crew were "reserved" and were detailed to travel by train. We set off at noon from the little local station (I guess it was the prototype of all the ones used in the music-hall sketches).

"... *a pile of next day's newspapers.*"

Sometime around 20.00 hours — eight o'clock to you — we juddered into a station where, to our horror, the railway guy politely informed us that we had a three-hours sojourn amongst the darkened platforms before our train left for the Scottish Wildlands. Peter, my gunner, had managed to scrounge a carton of twenty cigarettes, and said that he was going to smoke himself to sleep amongst our bags and Irvine jackets on the platform. My observer and I and the nine other stooges who were travelling by railroad went in search of a few eats.

Eventually eleven o'clock arrived and with it the Scots express. Gee, was I glad to see it ! We had been boosting up our weakening morale by luscious descriptions of empty compartments and soft, yielding seats. Boy, what a come-down ! Talk of seats—hard, soft or indifferent—we could barely find room to stand ! Dragging our kit behind us, we formated line-astern and battered our way along the corridors until we eventually reached the luggage-van, which, much to our surprise, was half-empty. I made a dive for a pile of next day's newspapers and, having beaten off three or four attacks from some of the other guys who had the same idea as little Brick, I prepared to indulge in a spot of Yogi and woo myself into a trance which would last me until we reached Scotland. I was so gosh-darned beat that I was fast asleep before the train started.

"'*It's unhealthy ...*'"

Somewhere around two o'clock an unsympathetic guard shook me out of my dreams. I felt like death. There was only a half-pint blue lamp to light the van, but it was strong enough to show me that the rest of the boys had gone.

"Holy smoke ! " I said to the guard. "What 's happened to the rest of the fellows that were in here ? "

"Oh," he said, "they 've all booked sleepers for the night. They asked me about them nearly an hour ago. Sorry I can't let you have one—they are all taken now."

I got mad. "Mean to tell me," I replied, in what I thought was a pretty icy manner, "that you went to all the trouble of waking me up just to tell me that my pals have got bunks to sleep in while I sleep on a package of print ? ".

He leered mockingly and said : "No, indeed. I 've come to move you on : we 're filling up with luggage at the next stop. You 'll 'ave to find a compartment."

"Okay, okay ! " I said, and tottered off, cold and miserable, muttering about persecution and human cattle. (I guess in daylight I could quite like that guy, but the early hours and the luggage-van sure aren't the right setting for forming new friendships.)

All along the corridors soldiers and sailors were sitting and lying in various attitudes of pretty painful slumber. Carefully avoiding the dim masks of their faces, my luggage and I trundled along. Every time I opened a door to enquire whether or no there was a seat, I was rebuffed. How many carriages I wandered through I never knew, but after what seemed an eternity my luggage and I came to a full-stop in a corner of one of the corridors, just beside an outside door. This time I was determined, fire, pestilence or famine, I was going to hit the hay. With meticulous care I blew up the "Mae West" which I had in my brolly-bag, draped my Irvine suit around my shoulders, my greatcoat over my legs, and stretched out, apparently dead to the world. It was grand.

By now I was so tired I could have slept standing on my head. I was just dozing off when someone trod on my stomach. "Sorry," said a voice. I grunted a reply and turned over on my side. Someone promptly kicked me in the ribs. I could stand it no longer, and so, drawing up my legs, I huddled, Redskin fashion, in the corner against the door. Presently I became oblivious to odd hacks on the shins and the rattle and bang of the train, and once more fell asleep. . . .

I think I felt for my rip-cord. I know I had a momentary realisation that I was falling ; it was all over so quickly. There was a scrunching sound and my middle did a sort of slow roll and then I hit something—hard. A voice above me said, "Are you hurt, or were you just baling out ? " The voice came from a man who was standing beside me. "I 'm very sorry," he said. "I just opened the door and you fell out on to the platform."

I struggled on to my feet, feeling myself for battered bones, trying to think of something to say. "Well, I 'm alive," I said brilliantly, and climbed back into the train. There was no sleep from then on. I just stood by an open window and watched the dark outline of the country as it flashed past, silhouetted against the first glimmer of dawn.

"'*Are you hurt or were you just baling out?*'"

At half-past eight we arrived at our destination in Bonny Scotland. Believe me, Hank, never was I so almighty pleased to get away from a railroad as I was that morning. We had breakfast at the station and then went to collect the transport which was to drive us the forty-odd miles to the airport. The driver was a Scots guy.

"Ye 've come to Scorrtland at the richt time o' th' year, Sarge. It 's aw' bonny i' winter." (That 's a pretty literal translation, but I thought he was speaking in Polish or Peruvian at first.) I muttered that it might have been the right time of the year, but it sure was the wrong time of day and I 'd give him a buckshee view on Scotland and its wild hills (they call 'em mountains over here) after I had had a spot of civilised shut-eye.

My mood indigo was made even bluer by the fresh, smiling faces of my well-rested travelling companions. On our arrival at the camp I made a bee-line for the Sergeants' Mess, where I immediately found a swell-looking bed. In two shakes of a rattler's tail I was between the sheets. Just as old Morpheus was doing his stuff and rocking me quietly to sleep, a couple of orderlies tramped into the room and said, "You can't sleep in that bed, Sarge."

"Oh, I can't, can't I ? " I said, turning over. "I'll do all right as soon as you clear out of here."

"Well, I wouldn't stay in it if I were you, Sarge," said one of them. "It 's unhealthy."

"Is that a threat ? " I asked.

"Oh, no," he answered, quiet-like, "but the measles are."

"Measles ! " I cried. "What measles ? "

"We 've just taken the last occupant of this bed to the sick-bay, Sarge—he 's caught the measles ! " he replied.

There 's no goddam'd rest for the wicked, Hank. Cheers,

Des. Woods
(Brick Chalmers).

"'*Measles!*'" *I cried.* "'*What measles?*'"

A MUCH-DISCUSSED AIR FORCE CHIEF.

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C., *late Commander-in-Chief, the Far East, has been much discussed since the opening of the Japanese onslaught on Malaya. Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Trenchard, speaking last week in the House of Lords, answered the criticisms—some couched in rather unparliamentary language—which had been levelled at Sir Robert, and made a vigorous rejoinder. He said, finally: "I was pleased to see that Mr. Menzies has said in Australia that whoever was to blame for the shortage of aeroplanes at Singapore and in Malaya, it was not Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. He knew the facts. . . ."* (PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.)

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

EVERY now and again a film turns up that is so good, so mature, that the cinema's worst enemy has no longer an excuse for regarding the industry as the theatre's poor relation. Such a piece is "THE LITTLE FOXES," at the Gaumont. "The Little Foxes" was originally a play by Lillian Hellman, who wrote "The Children's Hour." To be quite frank, there are vestigial traces of the play in the screen version. You can sense the curtain cues. The arbitrary divisions into acts are still apparent. The plot is tight and compact, and there is a traditional respect for the stage unities. I don't think "The Little Foxes" is essentially film material. But as a translation into a different and more popular medium, the thing is flawlessly done.

The title comes from the Song of Solomon: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." The foxes are the members of a rapacious, self-made family, the Hubbards, down in the deep South in the year 1900. There are three adult Hubbards: brother Ben (Charles Dingle), brother Oscar (Carl Benton Reid), and sister Regina (Bette Davis); and one Hubbard fox-cub, Leo (Dan Duryea).

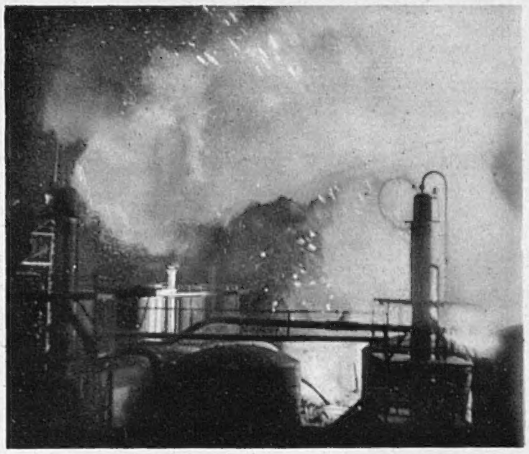
EDWARD G. ROBINSON *is the brutal sea captain "Wolf" Larsen in the latest screen version of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf" (Warner Theatre). Captain of the "Ghost," a sealing boat, he picks up an author, and a girl who has escaped from a reformatory, who have been flung into the water from a ferry-boat crossing San Francisco Bay in a fog. His treatment of them and of the crew is such that he is eventually tricked and left aboard the "Ghost" to sink with her.*

The whole family is prepared to cheat the world, severally and as a pack, in the race for riches, but sister Regina is the worst of the lot. A handsome, elegant woman, fashionably dressed in the wasp-waists and spotted veils of the period, she has the poise that the others lack, uses her social position as a mask for her calculated rapacity. Nothing can be more polite than the air with which she carries through a social evening in her home, entertaining the business man whose partnership will make the Hubbard name a commercial power, holding her family on a tight rein, smiling graciously, only betraying her taut nerves by the quickened flutter of a fan. Nothing can be more practical than the speed with which she turns on her scheming brothers when the visitor has gone. Regina is qualified by nature to have the whip-hand. But she has made one fatal mistake. She has married an honest man, and bred a forthright daughter.

The honest man (Herbert Marshall) is suffering from heart disease, so Regina refuses to give him his medicine, and watches him die. But, even so, his will has the last word. The forthright daughter (Teresa Wright) is very young and malleable when the film begins. She wears her hair down her back, and loves a young writer (Richard Carlson) in a childish, maidenly kind of way. Regina fancies she can make the girl marry her cousin Leo, the young fox; but she can't. Towards the end of the film she finds herself crossed by a young will as strong as her own.

This youthful tenacity, this fresh romance, brightens a film that is generally calculated and grim. Helpful, too, is Patricia Collinge's study of an unhappy Hubbard wife. Miss Collinge plays a gentlewoman of the old South, kindly, faded and twittering, who reveals, under the influence of elderberry wine, the secret tragedy of her marriage. Perhaps hers is the most moving performance in a film that is full of fine performances.

"The Little Foxes," I should say, is the "must" date of the week. You must use your judgment about "TWO-FACED WOMAN" (Empire). Since this is a Garbo film, and Garbo films are rare and eventful these days, many people will be glad to see it, as the Welsh are supposed to say, "whateffer." Personally, I found it disappointing, and I am a Garbo fan. I thought the story poor, cheap material for one of the finest dramatic actresses on the screen. Why did the lady choose to do it, I wonder? To show that she could be young, and uninhibited, and gay? To prove that experience can be as good as "oomph"; that intelligence doesn't necessarily debar one from comedy? At any rate, "Two-Faced Woman" finds Miss Garbo relaxed, seductive and gregarious; in a two-piece bathing-suit, in négligé, in an evening gown slit clear down to the waist; laughing, flirting, smoking, dancing the rumba, drinking champagne and suffering all the indignities of a hangover.

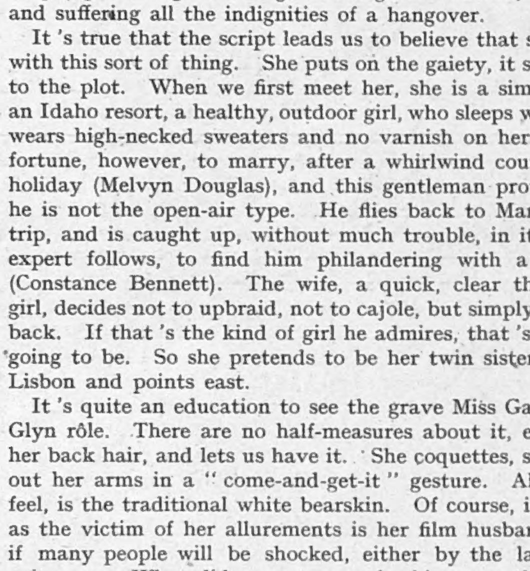


This shot of a RAID OVER HANOVER BY HAMPDEN BOMBERS *comes from "The Big Blockade" (London Pavilion), an engrossing film produced by Michael Balcon with fullest co-operation of the Ministry of Economic Warfare, the Royal Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force. Our relentless industrial warfare against Germany is shown in all its phases, and the story is told in part-documentary, part-fictional form.*

It 's true that the script leads us to believe that she doesn't really hold with this sort of thing. She puts on the gaiety, it seems, out of deference to the plot. When we first meet her, she is a simple ski-instructress at an Idaho resort, a healthy, outdoor girl, who sleeps with the windows open, wears high-necked sweaters and no varnish on her nails. It is her misfortune, however, to marry, after a whirlwind courtship, a publisher on holiday (Melvyn Douglas), and this gentleman proves straightaway that he is not the open-air type. He flies back to Manhattan on a business trip, and is caught up, without much trouble, in its social life. The ski expert follows, to find him philandering with a sophisticated blonde (Constance Bennett). The wife, a quick, clear thinker for an outdoor girl, decides not to upbraid, not to cajole, but simply to vamp her husband back. If that 's the kind of girl he admires, that 's the kind of girl she 's going to be. So she pretends to be her twin sister, a *femme fatale* from Lisbon and points east.

It 's quite an education to see the grave Miss Garbo playing an Elinor Glyn rôle. There are no half-measures about it, either. She lets down her back hair, and lets us have it. She coquettes, she allures, she spreads out her arms in a "come-and-get-it" gesture. All that 's missing, you feel, is the traditional white bearskin. Of course, it 's all quite innocent, as the victim of her allurements is her film husband, anyway. I doubt if many people will be shocked, either by the lady's costume or her goings-on. What did seem to me shocking was the waste of an actress like Garbo in a story like "Two-Faced Woman." Does she really imagine that this is the stuff for her talents, or have not "Queen Christina" and "Marie Walewska" and "Ninotchka" earned her the right of selection?

"THE SEA WOLF" (Warner's), which probably contends for top honours with "Les Misérables" in the remake list, was first filmed in 1910, with the title of "The Sea Wolves," six years after Jack London wrote the yarn. This was a brief and apparently unauthorised version, a mere appetiser to Hobart Bosworth's seven-reel production of the story in 1913. Seven years later, Noah Beery appeared in the title-rôle, and the quota of silent Sea Wolves was rounded off by Ralph Ince in 1926. The advent



Ruth, the reformatory girl, is played by IDA LUPINO. *Leach* (JOHN GARFIELD), *also a fugitive from justice, has signed on in the "Ghost" as cabin boy. He takes cruel punishment for trying to protect Ruth from Larsen's insults, and in revenge incites the crew to mutiny.*

of the talkies, of course, brought new life to the piece. The first "Sea Wolf" with sound was made in the early 1930's with Milton Sills. The current and sixth version stars Edward G. Robinson as the feral sea-captain, with Ida Lupino and John Garfield representing romantic love.

Although no one can call the plot uneventful, "The Sea Wolf" seems to have been tamed a good deal since Jack London wrote it. There 's a touch of brutality here and there, a death or two, and quite a few dust-ups, but nothing really to shock Aunt Emma. Jack London's Wolf Larsen, skipper of the *Ghost*, was, I seem to remember, quite a terrible fellow. As played here by trap-mouthed Edward G. Robinson, he is less terrible than pitiable. He looks rather small and forlorn amongst his hulking crew. An introvert who likes to read Milton between watches, he bullies and beats up his crew, and doesn't shrink from a killing, but only because the poor chap is really frightened. He suffers from blind spells, which get him in the end. He has an inferiority complex, and takes it out on the underdog.

FRANK CELLIER, *German business man of "The Big Blockade," exhibits intense pride in the ersatz products of Germany and his own Buna Rubber factory, to* LESLIE BANKS, *an Englishman. In reality, this factory was one of those later bombed well and truly by the Royal Air Force.*

Miss Lupino (Romantic Love, f.) is an escaped convict aboard Wolf's alleged hell-ship. Mr. Garfield (Romantic Love, m.) is a member of the crew, also wanted by the police. As if this common bond were not enough, a blood transfusion brings boy and girl together; and, to make all things tight, here 's a literary person, an author inadvertently stranded on the ship, who takes up their romantic case. This cultured type, played by a newcomer, a certain Alexander Knox, is the only one qualified to understand the Sea Wolf's mind. He is writing a book about him—in fact, knows him through and through. He bargains with him, life for life, and in the end is instrumental in getting the young lovers off, cosy but careless about their future, to a Pacific isle. The Sea Wolf dies. The literary person dies. The doctor who has performed the blood transfusion is already dead. And the Ghost ship goes down. . . . But I, for one, am not worrying very much. I guess they'll salvage her again, with, say, Mickey Rooney at the helm, in 1946, or at the latest 1947.

New blood, as "The Sea Wolf" proves, can do wonders in a film. Perhaps it 's the shot of new blood in the Fred Astaire musical, "YOU 'LL NEVER GET RICH" (Regal), that makes such a lively, engaging show of it. New blood, in this case, is provided by red-haired, limpid Rita Hayworth, Astaire's best-picked dancing partner since Ginger Rogers. Miss Hayworth is no newcomer to pictures, but she puts up a surprise performance here, not only keeping up with Mr. Astaire's nimble feet but matching deftly his nimble humour.

People are beginning to recall now that Rita Hayworth was trained as a dancer before the movies caught her, and comes of a dancing family. As a girl, she danced with her father in professional engagements. Young Rita is well trained. She is a pleasure to look at. She is also constitutionally capable. Astaire never has to dance down to her.

Juan makes love to Doña Sol (RITA HAYWORTH) *in his wife's presence. His public revolts, turns against him, and his "fans" forsake him for a famous rival bull-fighter, Manolo. So does Doña Sol. He promises his mother he will retire after one more fight; but he is gored by a bull and dies in the arms of faithful Carmen.*

"You 'll Never Get Rich" is a nonchalant musical show with a background of American army life. My favourite comedian, Robert Benchley, introduces it with an ingenious device of credit titles, and strolls through the film, in his casual, intimate way, as a theatre-owner with a fatherly—one might almost say sugar-fatherly—love for his work. Astaire is a dancing instructor who gets caught in the draft. Rita Hayworth is the neatest chorus-girl in the front row. The plot doesn't call for any very serious consideration, being a musical-comedy plot, after all. It involves a full-dress musical production in an army camp, a lot of to-do with diamond bracelets, guard-house and rookie humours, and a stage marriage that turns out to be the real thing. But there are six Cole Porter numbers, and Mr. Astaire and Miss Hayworth do them proud.

"THE BIG BLOCKADE" (Pavilion) belongs to the new-style school of screen journalism, the type that combines fiction with documentary. At least, we are apt to call it new, since the war has made it fashionable, but in fact it goes back quite a way—to the March of Time, to the Russians, even to Flaherty and "Nanook." It is a style of film-making well calculated for propaganda, of course. It can turn out a neat editorial in wartime, as the Ministry of Information has long since found. Perhaps the fairest description of "The Big Blockade" is that it is like a Ministry of Information short produced at feature length. People who like to take their current education this way will probably not find it any too long.

The idea is to show, with fictional scenes by way of illustration, how the blockade of Germany works. "Fighting is one side of war," says Frank Owen's introductory commentary. "There 's another side—that is, stopping the enemy from fighting. We have seen the three great arms of Britain's grand offensive against Germany. There are the aeroplanes, the tanks, and the ships. We have another weapon—one that weakens the Nazi power to strike back against us—the Big Blockade."

Columbia's "Blood and Sand" (Odeon) is Blasco Ibanez' novel screened—a blazing picture of Spanish life, love and idol-worship, with TYRONE POWER *as Juan Gallardo, the poor boy who becomes a great and daring matador. Politics surge in and about his career. Jealousy and gifts are showered upon him in the bull ring. He becomes indifferent to his wife Carmen, falls madly in love with Doña Sol.*

Although the Ministry of Economic Warfare is the real hero of the film, various celebrated actors enliven the more fanciful scenes. Leslie Banks, in particular, shines as that unsung heroic type, the economic expert; Michael Redgrave is cast as a cynical Russian studying conditions within the Reich; Will Hay, as the skipper of a trawler, has a shrewd bit in which he discusses Navicerts while fighting off a German bombing attack.

A little documentary which I like very much is "FERRY PILOT" (New Gallery and Marble Arch), properly described as the civilian "Target for To-night." This thirty-minute piece, beautifully directed by Pat Jackson, of the Crown Film Unit, illustrates a typical day in the lives of our A.T.A. ferry pilots—the men who have made it their tradition of service "to ferry 'planes any time, anywhere, in almost any weather."

The piece is full of action, laconically described—"Old Thompson's heading straight for a bunch of Jerries." "Nice uneventful little trip," says the pilot of a "Whitley" bomber, after sailing serenely through a dog-fight and landing his giant machine to schedule. There is a pretty little piece of stunt flying. The aerial photography—patterns of cloud and sun, silver barrage balloons, and the tiny dolls' world far below—is magnificently successful. Make a note of "Ferry Pilot." It 's worth your attention.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE ACTORS OF THE BARTER THEATRE AT ABINGDON, VIRGINIA, U.S.A., for trading their drama for a "mess of pottage."

THE Barter Theatre at Abingdon, Virginia, is one of the strangest theatrical ventures in the U.S.A. Started by Robert Porterfield in depression years, it is a theatre where you may turn up at the box office for a ticket with 40 cents' worth of turnips, eggs, onions, hams, or anything good to eat you can think of, and be admitted to the show. About 50 per cent. of the audience bring produce; the rest pay cash for admission. The actors receive no salaries, but they are extremely well fed, and they live in the dormitories of the disbanded Stonewall Jackson College for women. They give eleven plays during the summer: each runs for three nights and then goes on a ten-day tour of mountain towns and resorts in an ancient bus called "Bessie." The best proof of the Barter Theatre's success, we hear, is that with all the melons, eggs, tomatoes pouring into the box office, not one has ever been thrown at the actors! Doesn't it make your mouth water?

BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS *for one night showed such a mass of edibles as to make you think, as Douglas Young would say!—vegetables, bottled fruit, hams, live chickens, sugar. The small boy is no trade-in; his rabbit will gain him entry to the theatre several times over.*

ONE BLACK GOAT AND TWO CHICKENS *are brought along to be bartered for tickets. Livestock of this sort usually rates a ticket for several performances, sometimes for a whole season!*

This is THE BARTER THEATRE, *with some of the bartered food-stuffs on the steps. The building was an auditorium of the disbanded women's college, out on the campus.*

JANUARY BRIDE: VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON.

VISCOUNTESS ERRINGTON *is the wife of Captain Viscount Errington, Grenadier Guards, only son of the Earl and Countess of Cromer, and was the Hon. Esmé Harmsworth. She is the younger daughter of Viscount Rothermere and of Mrs. T. A. Hussey, and was married early in January at the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, Fleet Street. She made a lovely bride, in a white net dress, and a long Brussels lace veil which was worn by the Countess of Cromer at her wedding.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

GUNNERY PRACTICE FOR BOMBER CREWS *has been made into an indoor sport by the ingenious use of scale models of aircraft suspended from the ceiling. They are moved about aloft in a dimmed light.*

This very serious "game of soldiers" is part of A.T.S. officer cadets' training. They are learning the correct lay-out of military formations by means of the little figures which provide perfect illustration for the lecturer.

The marriage of MISS ELIZABETH COWELL, *the B.B.C. announcer, to* CAPT. A. N. BALFOUR, *the Intelligence Corps, son of Mr. Balfour, of Dawyck, is fixed to take place next month.*

The marriage of POUISHNOFF, *the Russian pianist, to a former pupil,* MISS DOROTHY HILDRETH, *the broadcasting pianist, took place recently at Marylebone Register Office.*

GENERAL *and* MADAME CHIANG-KAI-SHEK *enjoyed a short spell of relaxation when they visited Honan province some weeks ago. General Sir Archibald Wavell recently went to Chungking to consult with the Generalissimo.*

The "UP AND DOING" *company are up and doing about waste paper.* LESLIE HENSON *has installed a bin in his dressing-room and has sacrificed his press-cutting album.* DOROTHY McLAREN *and* MOLLY GAY *are adding their bit to the daily collection.*

The two HERMIONES *of* "Ri
in June 1941, and now in it
pair. Neither Hermione Gingold
had, at the time of writing,

WORK, PLAY AND ROMANCE OF TO-DAY:

The marriage of the HON. VICTORIA STANLEY, *sister of the Hon. Pamela Stanley, the actress, to* LIEUT. JAMES DOUGLAS WOODS, R.C.N.V.R., *eldest son of Mr. J. D. Woods, of Toronto, took place at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate.*

MRS. YVONNE ROBERTS, *the Nurse Cavell of France, who has risked her life to help many refugees to escape, is in England. She began her work during the last war and was awarded the Médaille Militaire. She is seen with her friend* MARIE *(r.).*

The HON. MARGARET FORBES-SEMPILL, *sister of Lord Sempill, has just been promoted from Squadron Officer to be Wing Officer, W.A.A.F. She is here seen at work in her office.*

BARBARA CARTLAND, *the novelist (Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale), has finished the biography of her brother, Major Ronald Cartland, who was killed at Dunkirk. It has a foreword by the Prime Minister.*

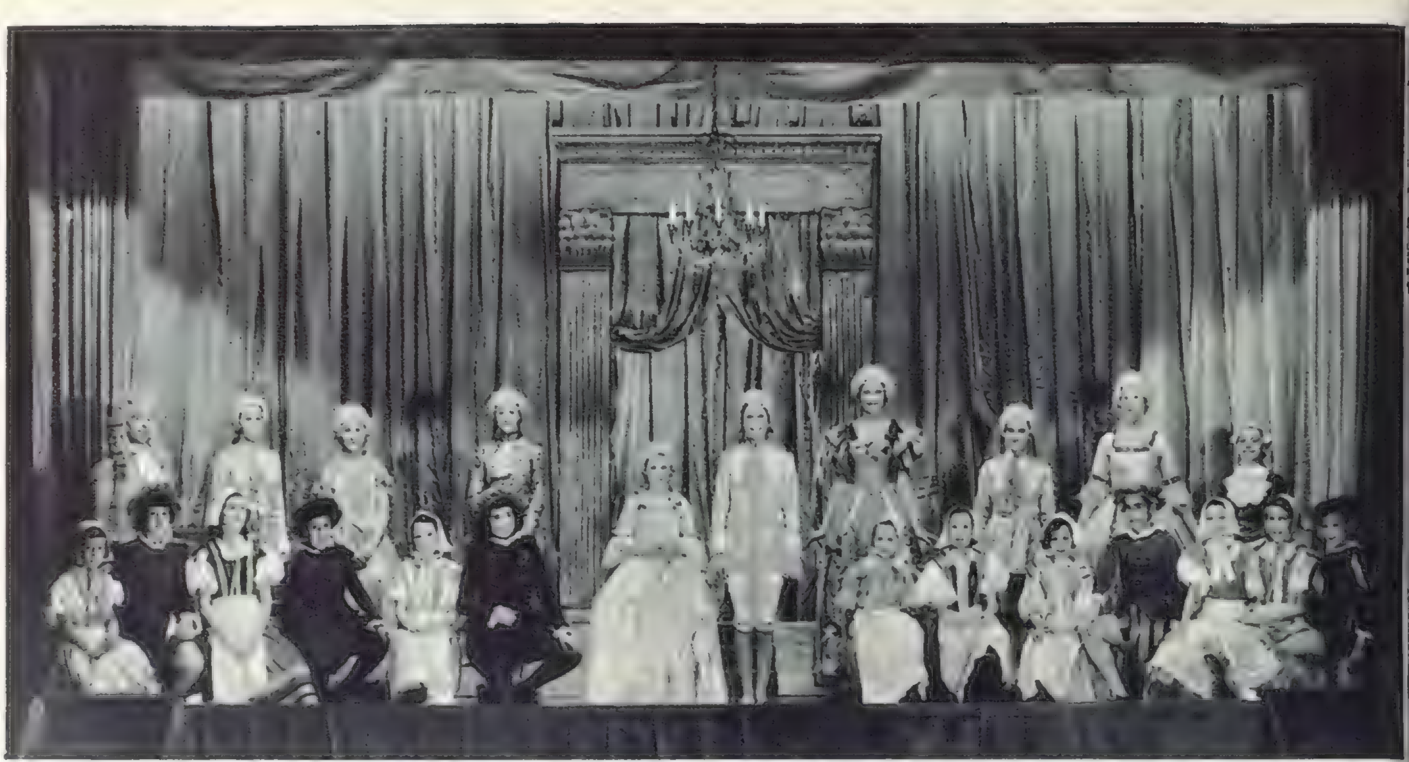
bove It," produced at the Comedy
cond edition, are the perfect
.) nor Hermione Baddeley (r.)
issed one of 300 performances.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE *was toasted by his farm workers on his seventy-ninth birthday when they enjoyed their first hot meal served by the British Restaurant, Haslemere, opened by Major Gwilym Lloyd George. The food comes by mobile van.*

LADY CLARK KERR *is the wife of Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the new British Ambassador to the Soviet Union in succession to Sir Stafford Cripps, and formerly British Ambassador to China. She is a daughter of Señor Javier Dias Lira, of Santiago de Chile.*

TOPICAL BUDGET OF HEADLINE PEOPLE.

The grand finale of "CINDERELLA," *presented by* T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *(centre), with supporting cast of officers' daughters, village children and evacuees.*



Her Majesty gives her daughters some help: THE QUEEN *running over the script with* PRINCESS MARGARET *and (r.)* PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

ROYAL PANTO.: "CINDERELLA," PR

On our front page we give a portrait group of T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret as Prince Florizel and Cinderella in their pantomime production in aid of the Royal Household Wool Fund. The audience included the King and Queen and some two hundred troops. The supporting cast consisted of young friends of the Princesses, officers' daughters, and village children and evacuees. The important rôle of Buttons was played by

PHOTOGRAPH ST

N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.

Invitation to the dance: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *as a Strolling Minstrel, offers to partner* PRINCESS MARGARET, *in peasant dress.*

RESENTED BY THE PRINCESSES.

the brother of one of the Queen's maids. Princess Margaret was the hit of the show. She acted cleverly as Cinderella, and when singing, invited members of the audience to join in the chorus, and got them going enthusiastically. She also gave duets with Princess Elizabeth, a dashing Prince Florizel. The orchestra was a military one, the village schoolmaster coached the members of the cast, and Cinderella's coach was a Sedan chair used by Queen Anne.

STUDIO LISA.

NOT-SO-USUAL VIEWS OF GINGER ROGERS.

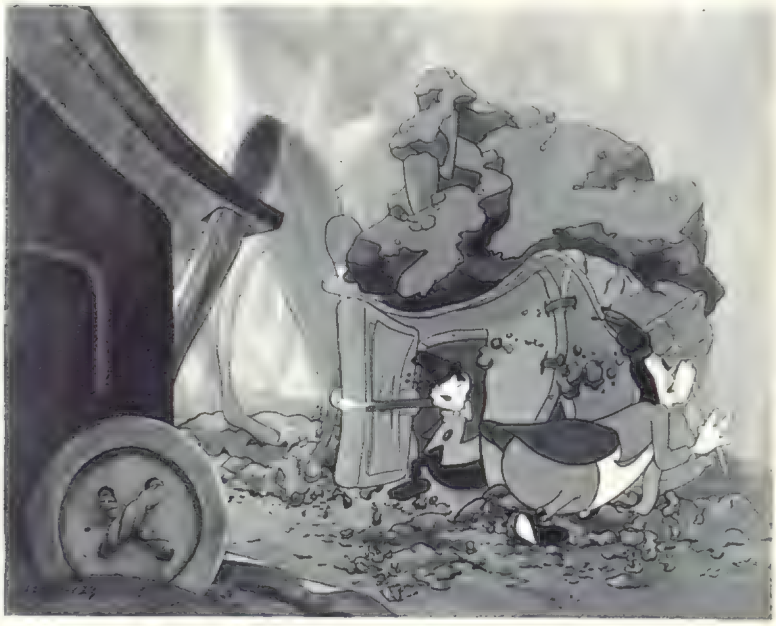
"ROXIE HART," new 20th Century-Fox picture, starring GINGER ROGERS, *is a murder story—but what a murder! The crime took place in 1927, when Chicago* WAS *Chicago, and the action presents Ginger as an aspiring young dancer, Roxie Hart, expert in the Charleston. When a newspaper man suggests that it will help her career if she confesses to having murdered her husband, she promptly agrees, although innocent. Roxie is publicised as a glamorous murderess, written up by Sob Sisters and Yellow Press experts, and steals the front page of every paper. Of course she is acquitted, and the only trouble she gets into is when a jealous fellow-prisoner attacks her so violently that the matron has to bang their heads together to separate them. Miss Rogers first won fame as a winner of Charleston contests, so these stills from her Charleston-dancing sequences in the new picture are of special interest.*

NOT-SO-USUAL PORTRAITS OF GRETA GARBO.

GRETA GARBO, *the mysterious, remote screen-star, comes down to earth and plays a thoroughly human rôle in her new and much-discussed picture,* "TWO-FACED WOMAN," *which has just been presented at the Empire. She takes the part of ski instructor Karin, an energetic outdoor girl who marries charming Larry Blake (Melvyn Douglas), a New York publisher, and finds that his affections begin to stray back to his first love, the sophisticated, chic Griselda (Constance Bennett). Karin decides that she must be glamorous and sophisticated too, and so she pretends to be her own, apocryphal "twin sister," and successfully wins back her husband's love. Our stills from the picture show Miss Garbo as Karin swimming energetically round the bath while she quarrels with Larry, suffering from a severe hang-over, and doing a siren act.*

"HOPPITY GOES TO TOWN"— NEW INSECT DRAMA FILM.

Hoppity, hero of the new insect drama cartoon picture, takes the beautiful Honey-bee to an underground night club.



The Lowlanders are driven from their home by workmen who are starting to build a sky-scraper. It's as bad as an air raid!

C. Bagley Beetle, the rich insect, directs workmen engaged on building a cathedral of grass for his wedding to Honey.

Hoppity and Mr. Bumble explore a watering-can with a view to settling there. Smack and Swat spy on them.

Full of hope, the insects evacuate their threatened Lowlands and set off to occupy the promised land in the garden next door.

Mr. Bumble, Mrs. Ladybird, Swat and Smack watch the insects dance round Bagley Beetle and his reluctant bride, Honey.

PARAMOUNT'S million-dollar Technicolor cartoon, "HOPPITY GOES TO TOWN," was due at the Carlton on Friday, January 23. It's the first feature-length cartoon to tell a modern story, and is notable for its splendid three-dimensional effects. The theme's the insect people's search for security. Most of them, including Hoppity and Honey, live in the dangerous Lowlands, a weedy patch forty-five inches from Broadway. They seek safety in the garden next door, but are driven out by an inundation—the watering-can in action! Honey consents to marry Bagley Beetle so that she and her people can go to his safe Highlands, but Hoppity does clever work with the rescue of a stolen cheque intended for the human garden-owners, so that they are able to settle in a penthouse, with a garden for the insects, on top of the new sky-scraper.

VIVIEN LEIGH OF "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."

Film-star VIVIEN LEIGH, *who has been making a big hit as Mrs. Dubedat in George Bernard Shaw's " The Doctor's Dilemma " during its provincial tour, is scheduled to come to London on March 4, when the play is due at the Haymarket in succession to " No Time for Comedy," whose long run was announced to finish on January 24. Miss Leigh wears beautiful period costumes in the production and has roused great admiration by her performance, so London playgoers are looking forward to seeing her in the part.* (PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.)

DOÑA SOL IN THE SUN.

RITA HAYWORTH *is Doña Sol, the glamorous, hard-hearted siren in 20th Century-Fox's version of Vincente Blasco Ibanez's best-seller novel, "Blood and Sand," due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on January 26. She has recently come to the top of the tree, and has made successes in contrasted rôles that prove her versatility. For instance, she has given good emotional performances in "Only Angels Have Wings" and "Angels Over Broadway," and has just scored a really important song-and-dance hit partnering Fred Astaire in "You'll Never Get Rich." She comes from a famous dancing family, the Cansinos, but discarded her patronym for film purposes as she did not want to "be typed as either Spanish or a dancer."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Up to the present time there have been few serious novels about the war. Novels based on wartime conditions, semi-humorous novels illustrating the grit and patience, or the less admirable qualities of the war workers, are to be found in abundance; but for some reason authors have fought shy of trying to relate the catastrophe to the inner lives of men and women. Perhaps one reason for this is that any event of great magnitude, coming from outside, takes time to make its effect on the psychological organism coherently felt. Personality, staggering under the impact of the blow, swings to and fro like the needle of a compass that has been jolted, and points wildly in many directions before finding its true orientation.

A Cross-Section. "I Ordered a Table for Six" is a war novel in the true sense, for though the only theatre of war it describes is London under the air raids, the lives of the characters are shaped and coloured by the war, and, in three cases, terminated by it. Miss Noel Streatfeild has chosen them to represent a cross-section of life, a cross-section that is not only social but moral as well. With one or two shining exceptions, the "high-ups" in the social sphere are decidedly low down in the moral. Mrs. Framley, for instance, who gives the dinner-party which is the climax of the story—a dinner-party so full of explosive possibilities that it scarcely seems to need the attentions of a bomb—is a really detestable woman; the young soldier who accepts her invitation in order to blackmail her is no better, and Claire, her niece with a nice taste in blasphemy, is another fallen angel. Goats they are, well-bred, but none the less goats; the remaining three, the sheep, are, as befits sheep, much less clever. The American millionaire whose Quaker generosity in good works supplies Mrs. Framley with the means to run her "Comforts for the Bombed" organisation, speaks of God as though He were a near relation and is socially embarrassing; Meggie, her daughter, fresh from a country parsonage, is a voluble but too ingenuous conversationist; the young airman is tongue-tied from shyness. But the meal, in spite of some dreadful episodes, looks like clearing the air for all concerned. . . .

All this, however, comes at the end, and meanwhile Miss Streatfeild has made a fascinating pattern out of the lives which Mrs. Framley, in her anxiety to rid herself of the social incubus of her son's disgrace, has brought into dramatic contact. The effect on her of Paul's imprisonment is the motive power of the story; her interest in Mr. Gardiner's charitable venture is the expression of her desire to rehabilitate herself socially and obliterate the past from her thoughts. One cannot help despising her; one cannot help pitying her; and the same is true of Noel, her scapegrace son's scapegrace friend, and to some extent true of her niece Claire. It is no mean feat to have made human and convincing characters as mixed as these, for in fiction, as in cooking, the fewer ingredients that go into the creation, the more likely it is to turn out well. With the subsidiary characters like Letty, Mrs. Framley's secretary, who are more of a piece, Miss Streatfeild has had an easier task. The helter-skelter London of the air raids suits her method, which is piecemeal and impressionistic, preferring fragmentary glimpses and chiaroscuro effects, in describing men and things, to close-ups or general views. The war has introduced an element of makeshift into everybody's life, and Miss Streatfeild's style, while not "makeshiftly," has the suppleness and informality needed for portraying wartime conditions, just as her mind, naturally patient with imperfection, can find clues and intimations in the chaos that lies around us.

Stepchildren. The action of Miss Barbara Goolden's novel takes place before the war, but her theme, if not of all time, is at least as old as the institution of stepmothers. Marrying a scholar well advanced in middle age while she was only on its threshold, Rosita found herself—or, rather, believed herself to be—in the intoxicating position of directing the lives of his four children. Three of these were boys, of whom the oldest, now grown up, was mentally—or perhaps I should say linguistically—younger than his brothers. Hugh and Benedict were exceedingly precocious, and all of them, their sister Marina not excepted, were in revolt against the kind of future their father, and circumstances generally, proposed for them. Brought up unconventionally in various countries, and articulate to a fault, they gave their reasons for preferring poultry-farming to painting, for not going to the University, for not going to school and (in Marina's case) for going on the stage. Rosita was bewildered and sometimes wounded, but none the less determined to make her influence felt. In the main she took the line of least resistance and encouraged her husband to let his children have their heads. Aldous took up chicken-farming, Benedict ran away from Oxford and became a free-lance journalist, Hugh remained at home with a tutor and Marina got a post in the chorus of a high-brow revue.

Disappointments. For none of them did things turn out as they would have liked. To bring about this four-fold disappointment, Miss Barbara Goolden has had, in some cases, to strain probability. I cannot believe that a painter as gifted as Aldous, and whose gift was recognised by all who saw his work, would really have preferred chicken-farming to painting. Nor do I think that Benedict, who had made such a hit as a journalist, would tamely have submitted to one editor's fiat and returned to Oxford with his tail between his legs. The changes of heart in Hugh and Marina are much more convincing; still, one cannot acquit Miss Goolden of having (as Rosita did) tried to put ideas into Destiny's head. For the rest, this novel, like Miss Goolden's other novels, displays an uncommonly firm grasp of the abstract issues of her story, and there are delightful natural touches in all the portraits. Mr. Daleham, father and husband, perhaps seems rather shadowy beside his exuberant children and his well-intentioned wife, but all are nicely established on the plane of comedy. Miss Goolden has often proved her power of expressing an idea in terms of human behaviour; and if, as here, she sometimes bends the latter to the requirements of the former, and sacrifices nature to neatness, it is a fault that only the better novelists are guilty of.

Crime *versus* Characterisation. "Death on Heron's Mere" is one of those detective stories which should have been a straight novel. Not that Miss Mary Fitt neglects the crime-interest. On the contrary, she sticks to it nobly, and puts all her intelligence and ingenuity and sense of drama at its service. One remains anxious to know how Giles Gabb was killed, even if one has guessed who killed him. From the point of view of

[Continued overleaf.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Ambassadors: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Marie Löhr; Phyllis Dare.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's new play, with excellent cast.

*** Comedy: "RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

*Lyric: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's musical smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

***Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

*Prince of Wales: "GLAMOUR SERENADE"—Gayest cavalcade.

**St. Martin's: "LOVE IN A MIST." Light comedy. Ann Todd; Richard Bird.

**Saville: "UP AND DOING." Revue. Leslie Henson; Binnie Hale; Cyril Ritchard; Stan Holloway; Carroll Gibbons and his band.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

PANTOMIMES.

Coliseum (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK." Jean Colin; Norman Evans. *Palace* (2 and 5.30): "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond. *Stoll* (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "BABES IN THE WOOD." Nervo and Knox; Jay Laurier.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

Continued.]

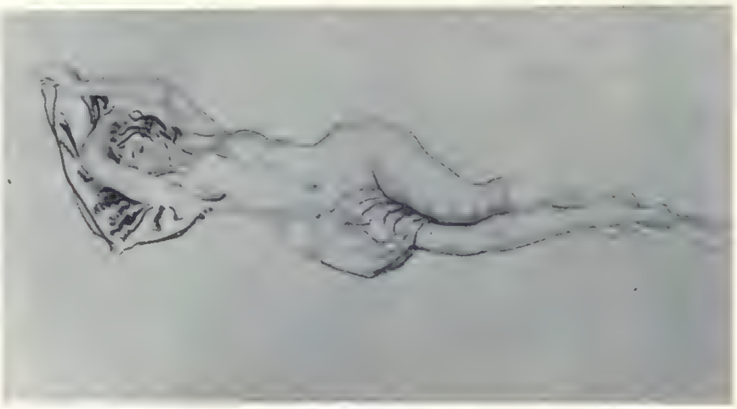
detection it is perhaps a blemish on the story that two of the most important clues are discovered by pure accident; but apart from that Miss Fitt goes conscientiously into the method of the killing, and there are few ordinary readers who could tell her much about the Mannlicher ·256 or any other kind of rifle. The Gabbs, *nouveaux riches* armament kings who had bought Heron Hall from the impoverished family who owned it, were nearly all crack shots; and so, to make the problem more puzzling, were the dispossessed Charleroys, some of whom lived in a lodge on the estate—a tantalising position which the scheming Mrs. Charleroy meant to improve by a dynastic alliance between the two families. Were her niece, Arden Laforte, and Giles Gabb really engaged? Arden had said that they were, and that they weren't; she freely admitted that she had been lying. . . . Giles is a personality so intriguing that his death, though the most important, is the least interesting thing about him. Extremely disagreeable he must have been, the two strains in his nature, humanitarian and homicidal, making him critical of himself and everybody else; his eloquent underlinings of prize passages in "The Lure of the Spoor" (a big-game hunter's recollections) are most revealing. But we long to know more about him; we long to know more about nearly all the people, most of them out for themselves, who thronged Heron Hall or had got up early to take the air, the morning that Giles was found dead in the boat-house. For in spite of the fact that Miss Fitt is inclined to treat engagements of marriage, and even love itself, as something hardly less conventional than a move in chess, she makes us deeply interested in her characters. They all have the raw stuff of life in them and are not ashamed (as some of them should have been) to show it. And that is why one finds oneself wishing that they had to respond to a scrutiny more general, if not more acute, than that of Inspector Mallett.

NUDE, *by Dame Laura Knight, R.A., is one of two R.A.s' pictures on view at the Leger Gallery's Exhibition, "Nudes by Contemporary Painters." The war has not caused this annual show to suffer from lack of variety, and the fascination of one subject depicted by many different painters retains its hold on the imagination, and its charm.*

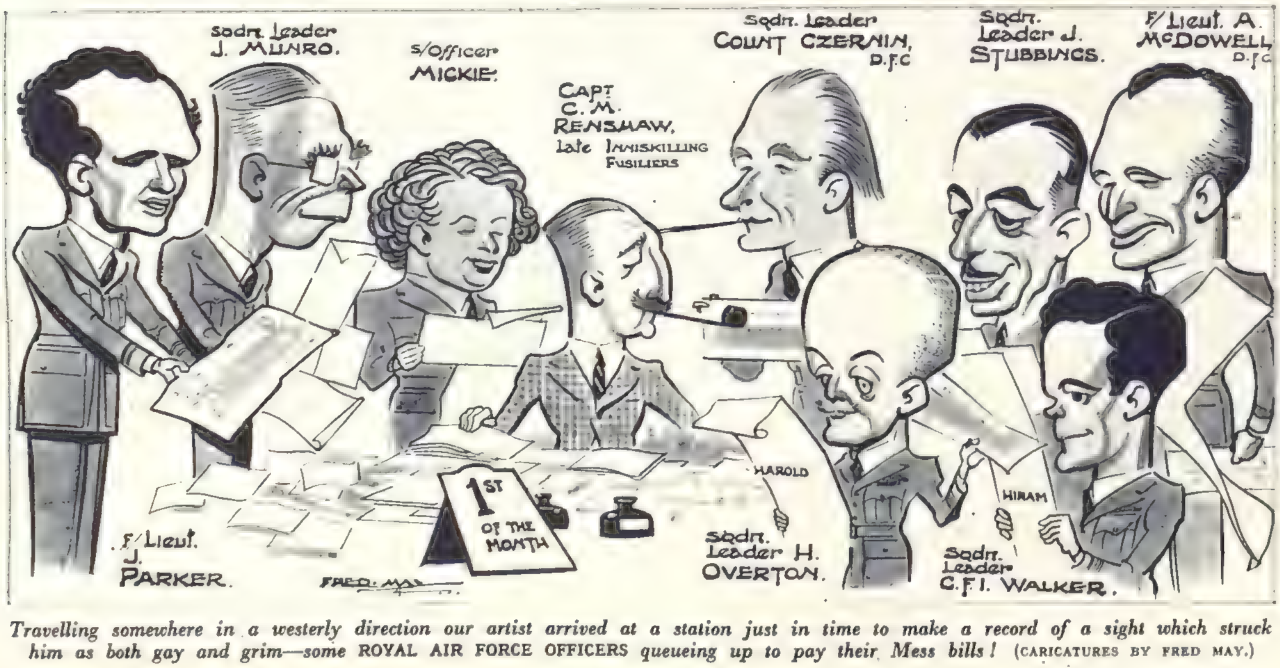
A Christmas Murder. Miss Georgette Heyer stages another house-party murder, but in this case it is the host himself who is murdered. Uncle Nat was not an amiable character, hardly more amiable than the nephew, Stephen, to whom he bears such a close family likeness. This Christmas party was singularly lacking in sentiments of peace and goodwill; why it was constituted in such a way that its constituents were almost bound to fall out with each other, we learn later. Miss Heyer knows how to make characterisation not only interesting but amusing. The malcontent Stephen's fiancée, Valerie, never fails to come up to sample, nor does the mother of this "girlie"—though she is somewhat overdrawn, as Stephen is. (Relying on the detective-story convention that probability may be flouted so long as possibility is respected, Miss Heyer disdains to explain how a man of Stephen's temperament could have tolerated Valerie's society, pretty as she was.)

The apparently inexplicable problem of the locked door is explained as convincingly as this famous conundrum ever is; the life of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, which bored Stephen so much, helps to unlock the secret. The question of *how*, in "Envious Casca," takes longer to answer than the question of *who*: indeed, I was surprised that a writer of Miss Heyer's experience should make the culprit so easy to identify.

Adventures of a Commando. Mr. Evan John was a member of the Special Service Battalion which, many months ago now, raided the Lofoten Islands. In spite of difficult conditions, he managed to make a day-to-day record of his experiences and impressions, and these he embodied in a letter to his wife. "Lofoten Letter" is not the full text of this letter, but as much of it as could be published without prejudice to public safety. But even as it stands it is an extremely interesting document, one of the most enlightening glimpses I know of a new style of warfare and of the soldier's mental development in preparation for it. The reflections of this scholar, dramatist and author on the meaning and importance of military discipline—the record of a mind in transition—are peculiarly fascinating, and set down with an admirable frankness. Although literary in tone, and liberally supplied with quotations from the classics, this little book shows a first-rate power of observation. The author's thoughts may remind him of other people's thoughts, but his eyes see only what they see; and their sharp sight is supplemented by some excellent photographs.



NUDE; *by W. Russell Flint, R.A., at the Leger Gallery.*



Travelling somewhere in a westerly direction our artist arrived at a station just in time to make a record of a sight which struck him as both gay and grim—some ROYAL AIR FORCE OFFICERS *queueing up to pay their Mess bills!* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

I Ordered a Table for Six. By Noel Streatfeild. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

The Best-Laid Schemes. By Barbara Goolden. (*Heinemann; 8s.*)

Death on Heron's Mere. By Mary Fitt. (*Michael Joseph; 8s.*)

Envious Casca. By Georgette Heyer. (*Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 3d.*)

Lofoten Letter. By Evan John. (*Heinemann; 3s. 6d.*)

MILTONIAN-MESSELONIAN NEW BALLET, "COMUS."

Left: Finishing touches: CAPTAIN OLIVER MESSEL, *designer of the décor and costumes for "Comus"; with a member of the magician's Rout.*

Right: The Lady (MARGOT FONTEYN), *freed from the vile spells of Comus, with her brothers* (JOHN HART *and* DAVID PALTENGHI).

MILTON'S mask "COMUS" has provided the Sadler's Wells Company with a splendid subject for their latest ballet, just presented at the New Theatre and hailed with delight by all *balletomanes.* The décor, costumes and masks are by Oliver Messel, and are the first theatrical work he has undertaken since joining the Army. Military camouflage, on which he has been engaged, has not robbed him of his stagecraft, and his costumes and masks are gay, brilliant and full of stylised charm. The music is by Purcell, arranged by Constant Lambert, whose admirable choice and skilful orchestral adaptation of excerpts from the composer's neglected dramatic works are notable. Robert Helpmann, who dances the name-part and speaks two of Milton's speeches admirably (the exhortation to the Rout to revelry and the address to the Lady), makes his début in this ballet as a choreographer. Margot Fonteyn is a lovely figure as the Lady.

Right: Comus (ROBERT HELPMANN) *urges the enchanted Lady to drink the evil potion, which will transform her into a member of his Rout.*

Comus, the Lady and the Attendant Spirit (MARGARET DALE), *who endeavours to save the Lady from Comus.*

The terrified Lady, bound by the spells of Comus, amid the mocking half-animal creatures of the Rout.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.*

By DOUGLAS NEWTON.

TAKING the letter from Gordon Rowan, the lawyer read:

BELOVED—We cannot go on like this. Since you swear that Gordon is *our* son, and not your husband's, it is not only for love's sake, but our duty as honourable people that you and I must leave Carrwater to begin a happier and more honest life together in some remote place. There the past can be forgotten. . . .

It was signed "Alfred."

Beneath the signature, in another and feminine hand, there was a note, running:

I dare not do it. I dare not face the shame or the hurt it will give to my husband and his father, who have been so good to me and have built so much for the future on Gordon. . . .

The lawyer put down the letter and studied the group of people gathered in the managing director's office of the Carrwater Paper Mills. The managing director himself, Gordon Rowan, whose sensitive face was now distressed, said:

"You see what that means, Mr. Clive. I inherited my half-share of the mills on the assumption that I was a grandson. Since, it seems, I am not, then—I have no right to these things, which belong to my cousin Sam."

He nodded to where Sam Speed, the son of old Rowan's daughter, sat slyly triumphant. Clive had to nod agreement, since, as the family lawyer, he knew the wording of the will too well to offer any hope to Gordon. Yet it was a bitter pill to realise that so upright a fellow must surrender everything to this ill-conditioned lout, who had already squandered his own share of the Rowan fortune. He asked:

"The Alfred of this letter will be Alfred Wilton, who was works manager at the mills under your grandfather?"

"He shared the administration with my father," Gordon said. "He left the mills three years before my father died—a year after I was born. He was killed in an accident a few months later. . . . That is, perhaps, why my mother remained silent. . . ."

"Knowing that nobody could prove anything—with him dead," Sam Speed said maliciously. "Though I 'm told Mary Rowan's marked liking for Wilton caused quite a lot of gossip at the time."

"That 's a lie," Woodhall, the blunt old head clerk, barked. "Nobody ever dreamt of thinking evil—except your mother, Mr. Sam. *She* talked wickedly enough, but that was because she was jealous of the way old Rowan favoured his daughter-in-law over his own spiteful daughter, especially after Bessie's marriage to that fortune-hunter, your father!"

"That 'll do, Woodhall," Gordon said firmly. "We 're here to face the facts, not to reopen old scandals."

"Quite," Sam smirked. "All the same, that letter proves that my mother was right."

To prevent an outbreak, the lawyer said quickly: "About this letter—how is it that it comes to light now?"

"Simple enough," Sam Speed said cynically. "I 've run through all my ready cash, as you know, Clive. To live, I must have more money. The only way to get that is to sell such remaining holdings as I have in the mill. Gordon was naturally eager to get complete control. He invited me to the old house to go into the figures before making an offer. I worked them out on paper at his mother's old desk. Poking about in it, I touched the spring of a secret drawer, and found this letter hidden there."

"Strange," old Woodhall said tartly. "One who 's always had the run of the works and the house—that is, opportunities of studying the handwriting of those concerned, as well as that desk—might have prepared that letter and hidden it——"

"Are you accusing me——" Sam began furiously.

"No," Gordon said sharply. "I was in the room at the time, and Sam was as surprised as I was. It was actually I who took the letter and read it. I saw at once that the writing at the end was my mother's; while you, Woodhall, testify that the rest is Alfred Wilton's."

"Yes, it seems Wilton's," the old clerk said sulkily. "I 've compared it with his letters in our files. If it 's a forgery, it 's a first-rate one."

"Pah, you and your forgery!" Sam jeered. "That 's just wishful thinking. The thing is suspicion-proof. Why, even the notepaper is the famous Carrwater Heron Bond."

Old Woodhall held the letter to the light, studying the watermark—a circle enclosing a bird, a heron, from whose beak protruded the heads of the fish it had caught.

"You 're right. Our Heron Bond," the old man mumbled, and, crestfallen, he shuffled from the room. Sam Speed, seeing this as a sign of complete victory, said largely:

"I don't want to make a scandal out of this, and I don't want to be smug. I don 't pretend I 'm not cock-a-hoop at finding that I am—and always have been—sole heir. That 's correct, isn't it, Clive?"

"Yes, that 's the reading of old Rowan's will—grandsons, heirs of his body alone, were to be his heirs," the lawyer admitted.

"That 's my reading," Sam nodded. "At the same time, I don't want to be hard. Gordon acted in good faith, and because of that, I 'm prepared to take over the mills without any compensation for the years he has kept me out of my full inheritance——"

"Generous of you!" the lawyer said. "Gordon's work has actually doubled the value of the property."

"That 's as may be," Sam sneered. "But the fact remains he has had the handling of what was really mine, as that letter proves. If I 'm forced, I 'll show no compunction——"

"What a pity you preferred to fling away your money instead of coming to the mills as your grandfather, and Mr. Gordon, wanted you to—you wouldn't be talking so big now," said old Woodhall, who had shuffled back to the room.

"And what do you mean by that?" Sam snapped. But old Woodhall only turned to Gordon and said gently: "Your mother, Mary Rowan, died in 1911, I think, Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes." Gordon looked puzzled.

"And Alfred Wilton died before her, as we all know."

"What of it?" Sam snapped uneasily. "Their being dead doesn't alter my case. That letter 's proof enough."

"Decidedly, they being dead and unable to prove you a liar and forger," old Woodhall said fiercely, "made it easier, you thought, for you."

"Look out, my man," Sam blustered. "That 's a dangerous statement to make——"

"Very—for you, if I can prove it," old Woodhall said harshly. "And I can. You 're a clever man, Sam Speed, but like most crooks, you were just a bit too clever. You thought that to use our old and famous Heron Bond for that letter would be the final proof. But that was because you were too spineless to learn paper-making. If you 'd learnt even the elements of that, you would have known that, though this firm has been famous for its Heron Bond notepaper from its very beginning, it has always striven to improve even that fine paper. And with each new improvement the watermark has been altered. That was necessary. It was the way that we, and the trade, would be able to know at a glance what grade, and what year, any batch, *or sheet,* of Heron Bond was manufactured."

"I know the watermark—it 's always the same——" Sam mumbled.

"To the untrained eye, it is always the same," old Woodhall said triumphantly. "It is only in a tiny detail that it changes. Did you trouble to count the heads of the fish in the heron's beak, Sam Speed? No? They 're always the same to you. Well, they aren't. Each new improvement of that Bond was marked by the addition of another fish's head to those in the beak. For instance, the number of heads in the watermark of the letter *you* concocted is nine. I 've just been to the stock index to check that up. Nine Fishhead Heron Bond—that 's the trade name—was manufactured in 1924! Do you grasp that, Sam Speed? The piece of paper on which the letter is written did not exist before 1924! That was thirteen years after Mary Rowan had died, even longer after Alfred Wilton died. They just could not have been written on that paper."

"Forgery, in fact," the lawyer said grimly. "And quite in keeping with your character, Sam Speed. You 'll charge him, Gordon?"

"Gordon, for heaven's sake," Sam whimpered. "Don't."

"Get out," Gordon said sternly. And when the crook had shambled off, he turned to the lawyer: "He doesn't matter. What does, is that my mother's name is cleared, thanks to the quickness of old Woodhall, here. . . . Let 's forget everything else."

[THE END.

All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.

"WHO 'S WHO."

TO make sure of getting your 1942 "Who 's Who," do not delay in ordering a copy of the new edition, now on sale. "Who 's Who" is justly famous, for practically no distinguished personality from any walk of life is omitted from the list of biographies which it contains, and the information which it provides can be relied on absolutely. A proof of each entry is posted to its subject every year for personal revision, but as many well-known people may have changed their dwelling-places, it is possible that this year some proofs have failed to reach their destination, a fact that is pointed out in the foreword. Still, the ninety-fourth edition of "Who 's Who" looks its peacetime self, stout, but compact and easy to handle, printed with admirable clearness and arranged alphabetically. It is priced at 70s. net, and is a convenient book of reference for everyone.

Until then . . . Skating by carlight is just one of the pleasures we have had to give up for the duration . . . like the pleasure of having a new Ford Car and being able to run it without restriction. But we willingly forego these things for the sake of speeding the day of Victory and the return of the good life, not just for ourselves, but for people all over the world. Until then, Ford marches on . . . Even under to-day's difficult conditions, Ford Dealers' Service Facilities remain ready and able to meet the situation, especially in the case of vehicles on work of national importance.

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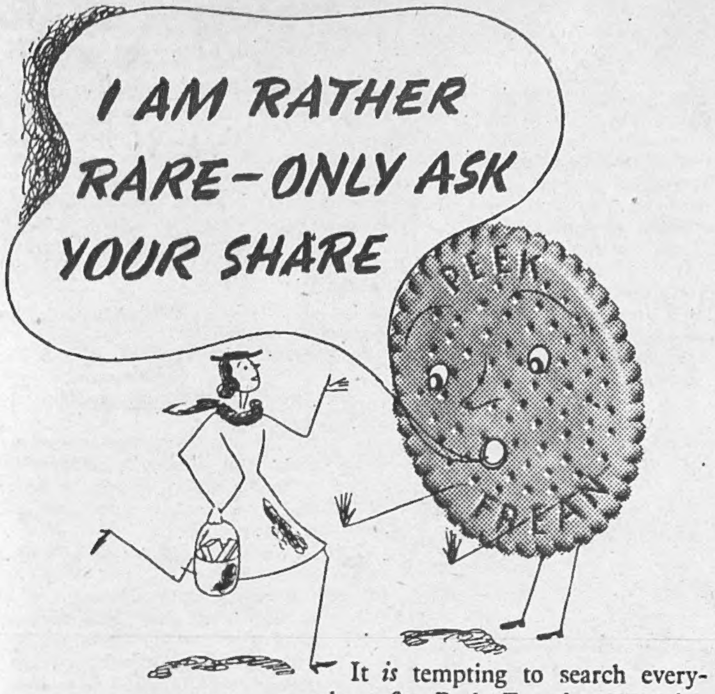
WOMEN IN WARTIME

VIYELLA is warm, and feels like silk when it comes in contact with the skin. It is this material which has been used for the model on the right. The trousers are gathered in at the ankles with elastic, so there is no fear of their riding up. The blouse top is a study in green and white. By the way, women will be interested to learn that in the past over a million sheep had to be sheared each year to provide the wool required for the manufacture of Viyella. Furthermore, it is British, and guaranteed the best the world produces.

SMALL women will be delighted to hear that Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., have a department devoted to their needs. There are simple frocks, tailored suits, and wrap coats. Illustrated above is a suit carried out in a soft tweed. The dress has short sleeves, and is finished with a neat Marcella piqué collar. The coat may be worn buttoned down the front, or open. A decided vogue is predicted for flannel frocks; some are striped, while others are plain. Taffeta in many colour schemes is used by this firm for dresses that are destined to be worn at informal reunions. They are as appropriate for day as for evening wear.

FASHIONS FOR THE SPRING CHECKED TWEEDS

THERE is no doubt about it, Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, has a decided flair for knowing just what women are seeking. It is in her salons that the ensemble portrayed on the right may be seen. It consists of an admirably tailored coat and skirt, the latter pleated, while the top coat is a study in electric-blue and brown stripes. It will be seen that it is so simple that it will remain undated indefinitely. This is an immense advantage in these coupon days. A visit should be paid to these salons by all who are engaged in the pleasurable occupation of buying a trousseau.



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Peek Frean's

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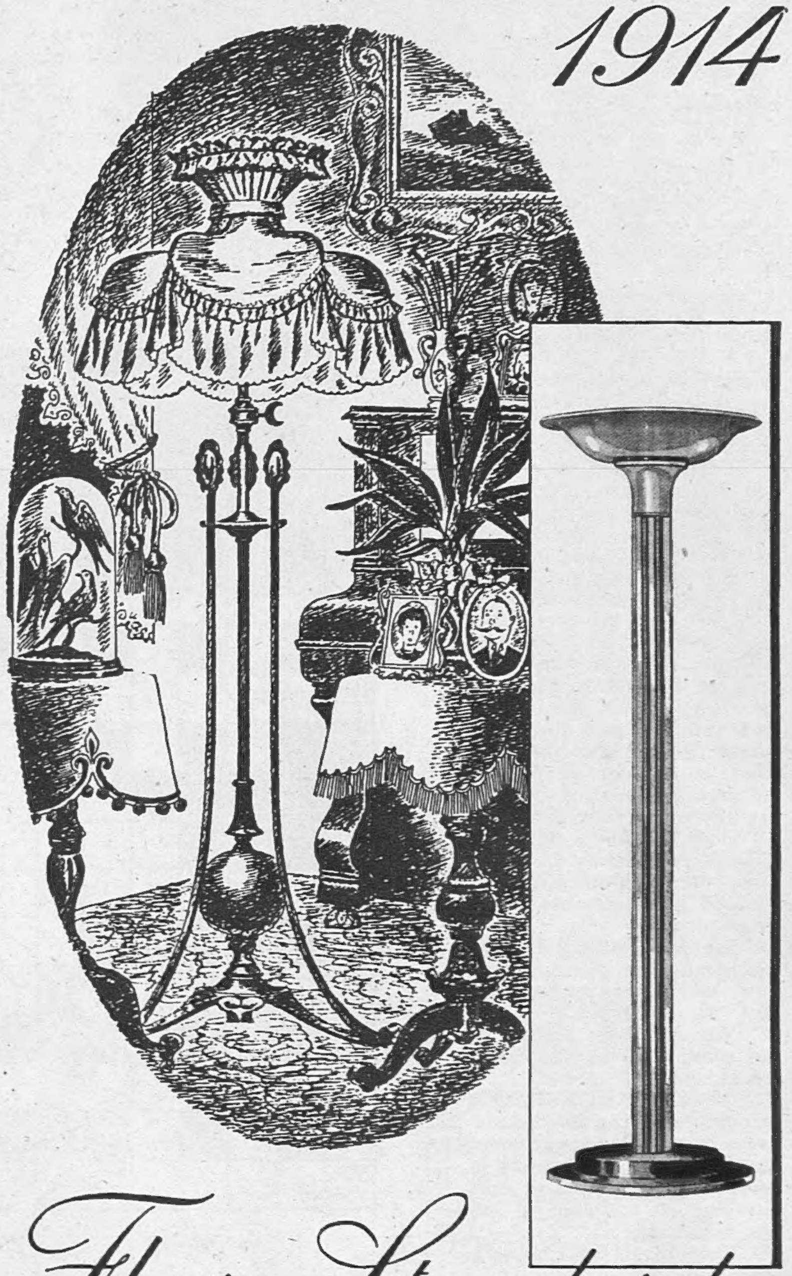
A.2

Standard Lamp... 1914



Floor Standard... ...today

THE contrast between the elaborate silk covered lamp standard of 1914, and its modern elegant counterpart symbolises the rapid and continuous progress always being made in the electrical industry. Science did not stand still in 1914 and to-day the G.E.C. is keeping abreast of developments and improvements that will result in better electrical equipment for the home when this war is over.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"THE next worse thing to being short of money is having any money at all," and the broker impatiently pushed aside a batch of letters into the "Unanswered" basket.

"The trouble arising from——" said Our Stroller suggestively.

"The India money that's being repaid in March. Chunks and chunks of it. And every holder of the two stocks, the Threes and the Two and a Half per cents., is asking for alternative investments."

"The holders haven't got their money yet," remarked the partner, "and the real rush for alternatives won't come until the cash is actually in people's hands."

"That is being discounted in advance——"

"Oh, we know it is, of course, but the stockholders like to hear beforehand——"

"They will probably find that the stocks they now select are all gone by the time the money is paid over at the beginning of March."

"True enough, but there you are," and he pointed to the letters that were puzzling him. "The first thing is to tell everybody to put as much of the money as possible into the national war effort."

"That they are certain to do. There is so little net difference between the yield on the war issues and the yield on Trustee alternatives that you'd expect the India money to go into the war stocks as a matter of course."

"Central Electricity stocks pay a little over three per cent."

"Perfectly sound, but non-trustee, you know. In many cases, the reinvestment will have to be made into strict Trust stocks."

"Southern Railway five per cent. preference, then. It pays four and three-quarter per cent. on the money."

"Yes, not bad. Hardly in the same class as the India stocks, though."

"It seems to me," said Our Stroller, "that the unfortunate recipient of money in exchange for those India investments is going to have a job to find anything as suitable as our war bonds are."

"How about Old Consols? And Local Loans?"

"Locals are likely to go the way of the Indias, and to be repaid sooner or later. But Old Consols are, I should say, about the best things to have."

"It does nothing to help win the war if you buy them. The only attraction is that the price of Consols might go up in course of time. But it's an undated stock, remember."

"Well, I shall have to answer those letters some time before the black-out," declared the broker. "Let's walk over to the House; I might get an inspiration from some of the jobbers."

"They're too short of stock to give you much help," his partner observed. "Australia stocks you can buy, and there is generally a line or two of Home Railway preference on offer."

"At a very high figure," complained the broker. "However——" He heaved himself out of his chair, and picked up his jobbing case.

"Aren't you going to put on a hat?" said Our Stroller.

"An empty barn needs no thatch; my sons used to tell me that, long before I was as bald as I am now."

He was stopped by a client in the Street who asked him, Our Stroller overheard, what ought to be done with some money that was coming out of requisitioned India Threes——

"Dead to the wide," a dealer in the Kaffir Market was saying. "As neglected as Cinderella after the Ugly Sisters had gone to the ball."

"Aha! I guess where you took the children last night. But Cinderella had a fairy godmother, didn't she?"

"She's as invisible in this market as Jack was when he climbed up the Beanstalk. The public won't bother about South Africans just now."

"Presently they will: don't you worry. Look at the way those Argentine and Brazilian and Cuban stocks have risen. Doubled, and more than doubled in price—some of them—within a few months."

"Bit of a miracle to me. Makes you feel that it never pays to give up hope about your stocks and shares, however dud they may seem to be."

"That's some sort of negative consolation for our rubber shares, isn't it? I wonder what one ought to do with them—— Half a minute: this chap might be able to tell us."

"It's absolutely impossible to say," declared the jobber appealed to. "You're thinking of the F.M.S. companies, I take it?"

"I wish mine were in Ceylon or Southern India," replied one of the brokers. "But the others—— Will the Government pay any sort of compensation, I wonder."

"It's all in the melting-pot," the dealer maintained. "To my mind, it will be best to see it through, and hang on to your rubber shares——"

"Considering that in some cases you can't sell, there's not much option."

"It's my own conviction that the rubber industry is too essential for the Government ever to allow its companies to fade out——"

"Or to be wiped out."

"Same thing. If I'm right, some means will be found for helping them. But I may be quite wrong, you know. Nobody can tell what is going to happen," and, so saying, he turned away. To bid for Rubber Trusts!

Our Stroller sighed at the non-committal, if strictly correct, expression of view. "We saw the oil market nearly knocked out," he consoled himself, "but it came out all right——"

"So did Jonah," said a voice at his side.

Our Stroller laughed. "Bad habit of mine: thinking aloud," he admitted. "My mind was running on oil shares."

"They've had a good recovery after being so flat."

"That's what I told myself in connection with my rubber shares. Rubber seems a hopeless sort of market at present."

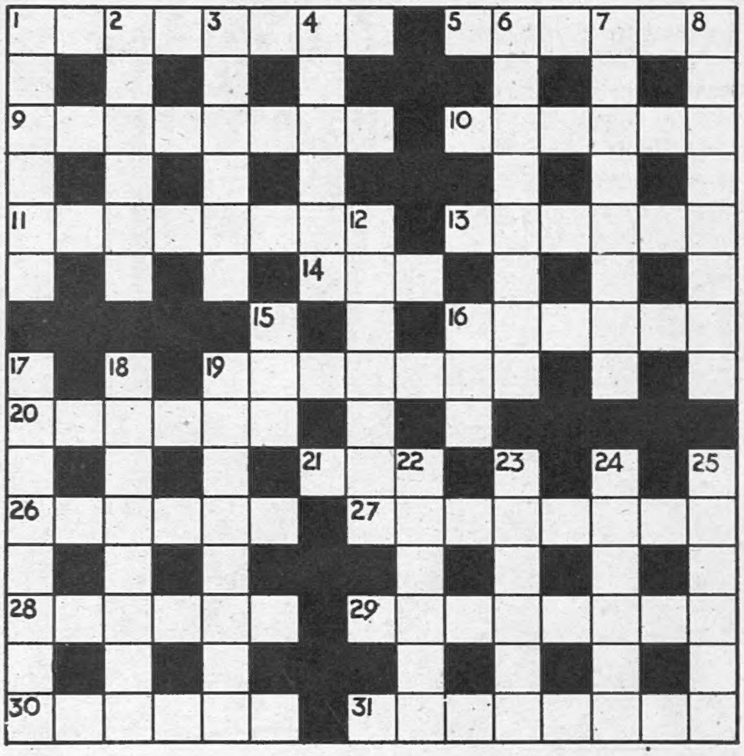
"None of our markets in here are hopeless," was the rejoinder. "They all have their turn at one time or another. We've had some pretty sharp surprises lately, haven't we?"

"My word, we have! Some pleasant, some very much the reverse. But people won't sell even on a disappointment. There's no stock in the market. You can't buy what you want——"

"An' you can take it from me, Betsy," said the latest Mrs. Gamp, extracting a bloodstained paper from her capacious pocket, "that if you was to listen to 'em, you'd think they'd bin a-queuein' up all day for their stocks and shares the same as Mrs. Harris and me 'ave bin doin' for this 'ere little lump o' liver!"

Friday, January 23, 1942.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Famous gardens on the S.R. (8).
5 and 10. "Her ——— ——— is but sick and green" (Romeo and Juliet) (6, 6).
9. Free (8).
11. Openings (8).
13. This ship is an ironclad man of war (6).
14. In prose it would represent a flower (3).
16. Game of cards (6).
19. Rambles (7).
20. Discordant sound mostly in the corner (6).
21. The "high spot" (3).
26. Move niggardly (6).
27. Coarse linen from Germany (8).
28. He did not hesitate to "come again" (6).
29. Mavis (8).
30. Bristly (6).
31. Brags noisily (8).

DOWN.

1. Fifteenth-century French poet (6).
2. Ancient province of Italy (6).
3. This is in this (6).
4 And this is one of six of these in this! (6).
6. Minute (8).
7. Theocracy (8).
8. Outfits (8).
12. Wind from the desert carries with it a monstrous bird (7).
15. This inside her will surely prove warming (3).
16. Hobgoblin (3).
17. Whips (8).
18. "Nat Slain" (Anagram) (8).
19. Not necessarily a safe resting-place for these (8).
22. Flee from (6).
23. Oriental garment (6).
24. Commotion behind? (6).
25. Right to leave (6).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JANUARY 14.

ACROSS.—1. Dig for Victory. 8. Idiot. 9. Caribou. 10. Estop. 11. Try it on. 13. Alee. 15. Canine. 16. Alkali. 19. Emma. 21. Taffeta. 24. Meant. 26. Propend. 27. Eclat. 28. Winning the war.

DOWN.—1. Drive. 2. Glisten. 3. Outspan. 4. Vacant. 5. Curry. 6. Orbit. 7. You and I. 12. Ream. 14. Leet. 15. Catspaw. 17. Lambeth. 18. At a blow. 20. Mad dog. 22. Frown. 23. Elemi. 25. Tutor.

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,, ,, 444 (Turkish) ...	...	100	,,	3/9
,, ,, ASTORIAS (Blended)		120	,,	2/5
ARDATH CORK TIPPED	... ...	120	,,	3/-
,, STRAIGHT CUT	... ...	120	,,	2/-
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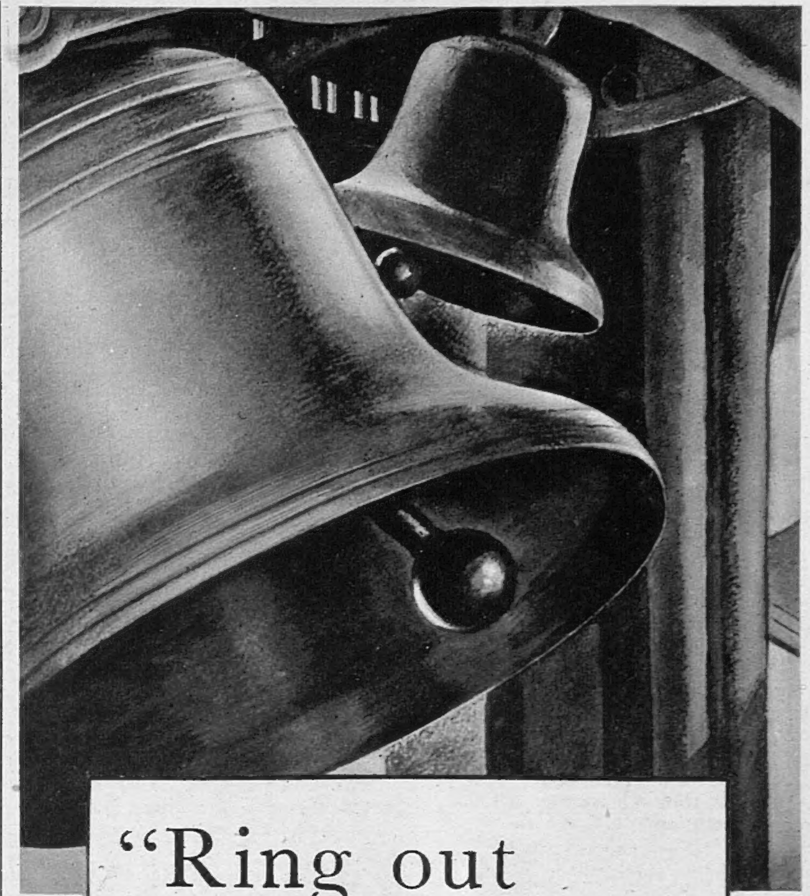

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The bells of countless hidden steeples in the shires of our land ring out, not a warning of invasion, but a joyous midnight peal . . . From square Norman towers, from belfries fashioned into unearthly loveliness by the hand of Wren, their gold-tongued voices chime a triumphant clamour. Proclaiming the New Year as they have proclaimed it many a hundred times . . . "*Ring out the old, ring in the new* . . ." This *is* the ***new world***, these *are* the days to come ! "*Ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace.*" But first—ring in the ***victory*** that must be won ! When the bells ring out for ***peace***, the Standard Motor Company will launch their plans for the New Cars of the ***new world*** . . .

With acknowledgments to Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

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" Well, don't breathe it to a soul, but this parcel contains three whole bottles of genuine Rose's Lime Juice. They're hard to come by, these days. Very hard. So I'm keeping them for the victory celebrations."

" But doubtless, sir, there will be plenty of Rose's Lime Juice after the war? "

" You can bet your shirt on it, but I'm taking no chances. I want Schickelgruber to have the hangover — not me. And now I must make a noise like a bee — got to see a Hun about a Messerschmitt."

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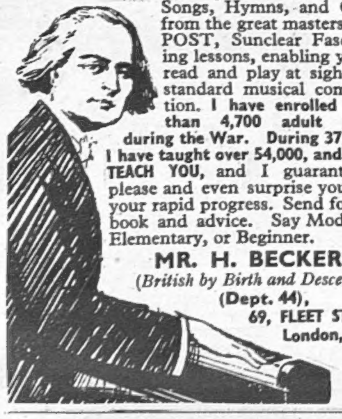

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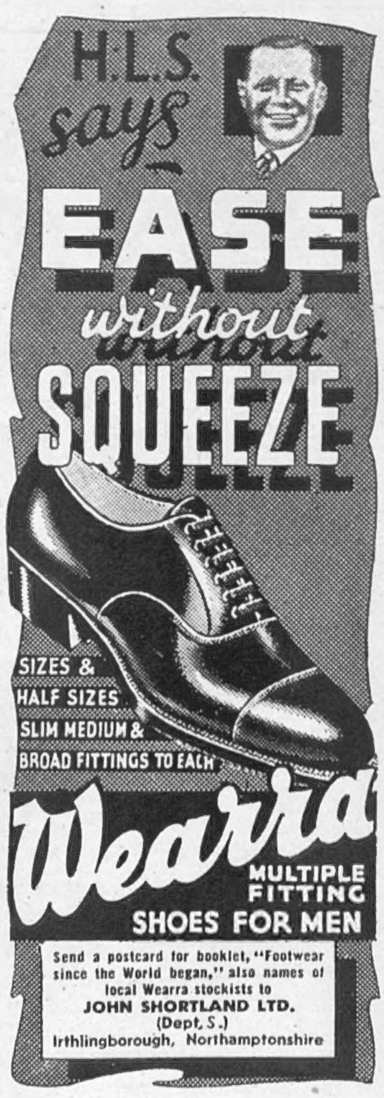

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